THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A SUMMER PICTURE.

BY MIRIAM EARL.

A balmy day in June,
A fragrant country lane,
A robin's frantic tune,
A field of waving grain;
A glimpse of shy wild roses through the fence,
A dainty little lassie straying thence.

A bashful, beardless boy,
With hands and feet too big,
Blue eyes ablaze with joy,
Hair, tumbled as a wig;
A rustic seat within the simple shade,
The trysting place of many a youth and maid.

She twined her gipsy hat
With blossoms growing near,
He kept up idle chat
That neither cared to hear;
When one swift glance into each other's eyes
Let slip the truth through all its poor disguise!

With sorely stammering tongue,
The old sweet tale is told,
The girl's fair head is hung,
The lover grown more bold,
Snatched kisses from the lips so near his own,
And breathed tumultuous vows in undertone.

All gracefully she yields—
O, golden afternoon!
There sweeps across the fields
Divine light and bloom,
And every breath bears heaven on its wings,
And every bird with new-born rapture sings.

Sink out into the west
So fast, O, perfect day,
There comes not one so blest
As this, again, for aye;
To-morrow's sun may have a cloud across—
And hearts will think to balance gain and loss.

What matters it to you
That John grew brave and grand,
That Mary proved untrue
And gave her fickle hand
To one less worthy? that's not "in the play,"
My picture only rounds a summer-day.

"With all your cunning I will be your match yet! I have laid my trap, and will bide my time till you fall into the snare!"

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER VII.

"A GUILTY CONSCIENCE NEEDS NO ACCUSER."

Poor Mary Flax sat at her window, sewing busily. Her face was haggard and worn, and her dark eyes shone out of the blank pallor of her face, with startling intensity.

Her children were playing at her knees, and every now and then she stroked their hair tenderly, and then went on harder than before.

"Everything depends now upon the work of my hands," she said to herself, bravely. "These poor little ones must starve, unless I take care. Ah! little Mary, what shall we do now, dadda is gone?"

Mary, a bright, little creature, of three years old, nodded her head sagaciously, and said, softly, in her tiny, piping voice, "Poor dadda, never come no more?"

The mother shook her head mournfully.

"Never, no more!" the child sighed out; and Mary stooped suddenly, and took her on her knees.

"Look here, child," she said fiercely, "we will never rest, will we, until we find out the man who caused the death of father? He may balk us for a time, and turn us off the scent; but, as sure as I sit here, we will track him out at last. I'll never shed a single tear until that hour comes—never; and then I'll laugh first, and cry afterwards! And when we have found him," she went on with a kind of savage determination, "Jem's wife and Jem's little ones will go and see him suffer. He killed the best husband and the best father in the world; and I shall never sleep one hour's quiet sleep until the law has got him fast, and the sentence is passed!"

Little Mary, with a dim instinct of what it must all be about, murmured in her sweet, fresh treble, "Dadda!"

The mother kissed her passionately.

"That's right, don't forget him, dearie, I never, never will. I'll bear Jem's name to the grave, and so will you, if you have half a heart, child; because he was so good and loving, and honest, and true!"

Little Mary began to dance on her mother's knee, and point out of the window.

"Dadda!" she exclaimed in wild delight, and pointed out of the bright pane, where the sun shone bewilderingly on the frosted ground. "Mammy, dadda tome!"

The blood flew to Mary's heart, and her very lips grew white. She dropped the child, and sprang to the door, which she threw wide apart.

A man stood there; but the eager light faded out of Mary's face; she tottered, and nearly fell. The revulsion of feeling might have killed a weaker woman; but the first agony over, she was braver than before.

"Is that you, Joe Lay?"

The man's hat was slouched low over his brows, and he wore a thick handkerchief, which concealed the lower part of his face. His identity was, therefore, doubtful, and the question necessary.

"You are right; it's Joe Lay."

"What do you want here?"

"I thought, hearing of your trouble, I would make a neighborly call."

"Ah!"

She glanced at him keenly, but Joe did not seem to care to meet her look.

"Then, come in, neighbor," said Mary, in a hurried voice.

It was plain that she was dissembling; for, on first recognizing Joe, a black shadow had crept into her eyes, and her firm lips closed sharply, as if horror and aversion would keep her silent. But she changed her tactics suddenly.

"Come in, neighbor," she said, and smiled. "I can't offer you any breakfast, for me and my little ones had only dry bread this morning. Jem's being gone makes a difference, you see; but there's a scrap of fire on the hearth, if you'd like to warm yourself."

"Well, it is pretty cold, and I shouldn't have no objection, if so be I'm not in your way."

"Oh, dear, no; I'm sure it's very friendly of you to think of coming in."

"I thought you might like to hear the news," added Joe, seating himself as much out of the way of Mary's keen eyes as possible, and with his back to the light. But she understood his device, perhaps, for she brought her chair around, and faced him.

"La! is there any news?"

"His lordship and Mr. Carthen are searching Lansdown Wood."

"Bless me! What for?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"How should I?"

"They think——"

His throat was so dry that his voice died away.

"Well? Go on."

"They think——"

"You're very hoarse this morning."

"I caught a bad cold last night."

"You was doing a little poaching, perhaps; and quite right, too," said Mary, in a wheedling tone. "Although my husband was a keeper, I don't see no harm in poaching, myself."

"Don't you, now, really?"

"Not I. Such things were made for us all."

"Only, there's the law, you see."

"That's just it—there's the law in the way. But who made the laws, I should just like to know?"

Joe shook his head.

"Well, the rich did, didn't they?"

"Of course. I never thought of that."

"And they made them to protect themselves, not to protect us."

Joe glanced at her rather suspiciously. Could this be Mary Flax, who had always been noted as a woman of stern principle and rigid virtue? Could she be acting a part, and had she any motive for it?

But her tone seemed trustworthy; and, moreover, he saw in her what he had certainly never seen before—a sort of gracious coquetry, which was infinitely flattering to his self-love. He must have been a man of very coarse perceptions and callous feelings, for it not to have struck him as dreadfully sad, that the widow of James Flax should be playing the coquette to him. As it was, he was flattered beyond measure. He had always had a great respect for Mary, as bad men generally have for the best women of their acquaintance. Years ago, before she became the wife of Flax, he had courted her himself; and it is barely possible that if Mary would have married him he might have been reclaimed; but she had always refused to entertain the notion, with a kind of dread which was, perhaps, a presentiment of what was to come.

And so Mary, bending forward until her face was near his, said softly:

"The rich never think of us poor, Joe, do they?"

"Not they," he answered, half fiercely, but flattered. "We're only dirt, of course."

"But what was you going to say about Lansdown Wood?"

"It's right gone out of my head by this time," answered Joe, pretending to search for it in his own mind, and getting his hand up to his face that he might throw some shadow between himself and those keen eyes opposite.

"Oh, I know now!"

"Well?"

"They are going to search it for your husband." Strong as her nerve was, and powerful her will, Mary started, and the hot blood went tingling to her very finger-ends. She caught up little Jemmy, who was crawling on the ground, and shook him hastily.

"How dare you make yourself in such a mess, you bad boy, playing with the dirt?"

Then just as suddenly, she caressed him with passionate tenderness, leaving Joe perfectly deceived as to the cause of her first disturbance.

"Look at the lad, Joe; isn't he the very image of his father? Kiss him."

Joe drew back, and suddenly paled.

"Won't you? Why not?"

"I hate babies."

"Not this little fellow, who was poor Jem's pet, Joe. Come, Jemmy, dear; kiss Joe."

Joe pushed the child roughly from him, and the boy set up a cry of anger.

"Never mind, dearie," said his mother, inclosing him in her arms. "Go and play with your sister. He hates babies, you know."

She put him down, with his tiny fists still in his eyes, and turned to her visitor, saying, coolly and unconcernedly:

"You don't mean to tell me they are going to search Lansdown Wood? They might just as well save themselves the trouble."

"Why?" inquired Joe, eagerly.

"Because he isn't there."

"No?"

He couldn't have uttered another word to save his life; and he felt a cold dew break over his forehead.

"La! no. You may depend he's gone on the lark; and I don't grudge him his pleasures so much only that he went off with his week's pay in his pocket, and we are out of bread and most other things beside."

Joe actually smiled, in the exquisite relief of these words.

"Then you don't believe he is dead?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"They was saying in the village this morning that you knew all about it, and could point out the man that did it, any minute."

"Then they was telling stories—which is nothing uncommon, as far as that goes. Jem will come back all right, if you give him time."

"And if he doesn't, Mary?"

"Why, it won't be no use fretting, will it?"

"You are young yet; you'll get another husband."

"Oh, yes; no doubt," she said, with averted look; "oh, yes; they all do."

"And there's plenty as would be glad—you understand?"

Mary felt suddenly faint with the effect of her scheming; but her purpose was high, and she rallied, sitting upright, even smiling.

"Husbands are plentiful enough, as far as that goes."

"But old friends ought to come first, Mary."

"Only, there's the children, you see," said Mary, feeling that, but for her vow's sake, she should have burst into wild sobs and tears. "Jem's only a baby yet."

"He might be got to crow-keeping four or five years hence."

"So he might; I never thought of that."

She began to get faint again; she wished it were over.

"You see about your husband," said Joe, quite reassured now. "No one can tell, of course, what's come to him; but it's my belief he is dead."

"Dead!" she repeated, after him, in an odd, mournful kind of way.

"That's what I should say, though I might be wrong."

"Where should you fancy he was lying?" inquired Mary, as innocent as a dove.

"At Lansdown Point."

Joe answered mechanically, being off his guard; but no sooner had the words passed his lips, than a dread of his own weakness seized him. Lansdown Point was forever in his thoughts. It was hardly to be wondered that fate, mocking him, brought these words forth unconsciously.

Mary listened, breathless; but when the villain looked up to see if she had noticed his unfortunate mistake, she said, meekly and softly:

"What make you think of Lansdown Point?"

The man colored, guiltily.

"I don't know, I am sure; it was a slip of the tongue. I meant Oaklands. He was going that way in the evening."

"Did you see him, then?"

"Well, no—that is to say, yes—not exactly—but I fancied, somehow——"

"That it was my husband?"

"Well, it looked like his figure, certainly."

"Where was he?"

"He was just going into Lord Dacre's wood, you know, which stands between Oaklands and Lansdown."

"Had you any reason to suppose that there were rough people in the wood, who would be likely to interfere with him?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"You would have given him a word of warning, if you had; wouldn't you, Joe?"

"Of course," said he, in a smothered voice. "We never was mates much, Jem and I; but, still, we was neighbors, and I'd have done him a good turn, if I could."

"That's right. I was sure you would."

"And so I came in, just to tell you what was going on, thinking you would like to be informed."

"Thank you, Joe."

"And I should try to bear up, my dear; it's no use grieving for those who are gone."

She shook her head, speechless.

"I'll give you another call, in a day or two, if you have no objection."

"It's so very kind!" she murmured, between her set teeth.

"And so you saw my poor husband the very last of us all?"

"I didn't say that," he answered, cautiously. "Only it was in the evening."

"He left home about ten o'clock?"

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Yes," replied Mary, slowly and gravely, "he told me that he was going to Lansdown Point."

Joe Lay started as if he had been shot.

"No, no, Mary; you've made a mistake—it couldn't have been Lansdown Point."

"Why not?"

"There's no game there."

"But he was going just to look about, and that was all."

"He wasn't anywhere near there when I saw him; he couldn't have had time, you know, to get so far between that and eleven o'clock."

"Oh, it was eleven o'clock, then, when you met?"

"I can't be sure about the hour; but that doesn't signify, of course."

"I think it does."

"Why?"

"Because, if there really was foul play——"

"I thought you didn't believe it?"

"Well I don't say I do, now. Still, if it should prove to be so, you could give evidence, you know."

"Evidence about what?"

"Having seen him at such and such a time, and where."

"I don't want to be brought into it, Mrs. Flax. You see, I've been a bit of a poacher in my time, and they might ask me some awkward questions. Any other way that I can serve you I will; but, don't mention what I told you this morning. They'll make all kinds of mischief, if they get to hear of it in the village."

"Just as you like, Joe."

"Then I'll wish you good morning."

"Good morning."

He held out his hand, but she pretended to be busy attending to little Jimmy, in order that she might escape the contact with his red palm; and so they parted.

When he was gone, she went and sat down in front of the fire, with her hands idle on her lap.

"If I could bear that," she said, to herself, "I could bear anything. He even wanted me to touch the hand which I believe to be dyed with my husband's blood, and yet I still spoke calmly. But the torture of it was too dreadful. If he had stayed another ten minutes, I must either have turned upon him, or gone mad!"

She looked back; and Joe, with his sinister countenance marked distinctly in profile against a dark back-ground of dismantled trees, was slouching past. Mary's eyes grew dim at first, and then they fired suddenly. She shook her fist, in the folds of her dress, with a stealthy action, which was full of menace. "I will spare you less than ever, now!" she muttered. "How dare you speak to me of another husband, when he whom I so fondly loved is hardly cold in his grave. And you, too—you, of all others in the world! With all your cunning, I will be your match yet! I have laid my trap, and now I'll bide patiently until you fall into the snare. And, after all, I believe, in spite of your excuses, that there was something in what you said about Lansdown Point."

CHAPTER VIII.

REASONS AGAINST INSTINCT.

All the forenoon, Lord Dacre and Mr. Carthen searched the woods diligently for some trace of the missing man.

Some of the dependents of both had joined them, and all the keepers. These, with the constables, made quite a procession; and they separated into couples and explored the wood, meeting at a little ruined hut, that stood between the two estates, at one o'clock, according to Lord Dacre's orders.

The earl and Mr. Carthen rode together, dismounting often at a suggestion of the head keeper. As they came near Lansdown Point, they met Joe Lay, standing with his back to a tree, smoking a short clay pipe.

Lord Dacre drew up and confronted him.

"You seem to have a good time of it!" said the earl, sharply, "you are the only strong man I have seen to-day idle."

"I do as I like," answered Joe, sullenly, "and they do as they like."

"Only that people who won't work sometimes starve."

"I shan't starve."

"Not whilst our game lasts out," said the old nobleman, sternly. "I dare say poaching is fine sport; there is only one disadvantage—you are liable to be found out."

"Who says I'm a poacher?"

"Everyone."

"Perhaps they'll take the trouble to prove it before they make so sure."

"It is possible that they may have done so."

Joe changed color a little; but he said boldly, "If they had, I shouldn't be here. The gentlefolks are all dead set against poaching."

"Poaching is thieving."

"We don't call it thieving."

"I dare say not; but that is the right word. And, what's more, when there's any mischief afloat, we always think of the poachers before we trouble ourselves about any one else."

"Perhaps you'll be saying now that I killed James Flax?"

Joe could have bitten his tongue out for having said these words. It was the second time this morning that he had committed himself. It seemed as if his thoughts were so full of the sin he had committed, that he spoke of it involuntarily.

"Oh! he is dead, then, is he?" said the earl, with a quick glance at Mr. Carthen. "That is just what we want to know."

"So the folks say," stammered Joe, "not as I knows anything about it myself."

"You spoke very positively, too."

"I was thinking you'd want to make out I'd done that."

"I wasn't sure that it had been done until you told me."

"I never told you nothing," growled Joe; "it isn't my business."

"I mean to make it mine until the murderer is found out," said the old lord, sternly. "Whoever he may be, I don't much fancy he'll escape."

The guilty one took the pipe from between his lips with a shaking hand. After a minute's silence he jerked out:

"Mrs. Flax doesn't believe her husband was murdered."

"Who says that?"

"She's just told me so herself."

"Told you?"

"Then she suspects him," thought the earl to himself, "and is trying to put him off his guard. She told me quite different an hour back."

"Ah!" returned Joe, with a kind of triumph, "she thinks he is out larking."

"Out larking?"

"Gone on the spree."

"Oh, indeed!"

"The poor woman's love makes her wise," the old lord reflected; "I had better, therefore, follow her lead. I'm much mistaken if that man doesn't know something about it by his manner; we must be cautious."

Mr. Carthen wondered a little, though he said nothing, when the earl suddenly changed his tone and seemed to concur in the other's view of the case.

"Well, that may be; and one would fancy that his wife must know best. Perhaps he has been in the habit of absenting himself in this way."

Mr. Carthen was commencing an emphatic negative, but something in the earl's face stopped him.

Joe began to show signs of evident relief, and his old bravery returned.

"You may depend that's it."

"You are quite sure Mrs. Flax told you this?"

"Them was her very words. 'He's out on a lark,' she says, 'and they're making a fuss for nothing. I shouldn't grudge him his pleasure only he's took his week's wages in his pocket, and we're out of most everything."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Lord Dacre, pretending great indignation. "He deserves to be hanged!"

Joe started involuntarily.

"Hanging's a poor remedy."

"That may be; but it's the best we have."

"I don't see it; a man can't repent when he's dead."

"No; but he serves an example to others who might be inclined to do as he has done. Mr. Carthen, shall we ride on? After what this man says it seems ridiculous to search; but I suppose, as we came for that purpose, we shall be thought remiss if we don't carry

it out. For my part, I believe that Flax is alive, after all."

He said this so decidedly that Mr. Carthen, although his instinct told him to be silent, could not help saying:

"It's not like Flax to go off upon pleasure when his wife and little ones were in need."

"Ah! but people do such odd things," said Lord Dacre, quickly; "we have only to read the papers to learn that. Will you ride first, or shall I?".

Just at Lansdown Point Joe was watching them with eager eyes.

"This is a lonely spot," said Mr. Carthen.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Lord Dacre's horse reared high and tried to turn suddenly. He looked about to find the cause of this sudden escapade, and saw Tommy, the idiot lad, lying full length on the damp turf.

Tommy looked up, grinned and gave a little howl of satisfaction, but did not attempt to move.

Lord Dacre tried again to urge his horse past, but in vain, and he then shouted to Tommy to move.

The lad contemplated him with a vacant expression, and went on pulling the bark off a thin green stick he held in his hand.

And Joe noticed, with a shudder, that the lad had placed himself just in the very mark of the new grave—as might be, face to face with the dead. He might have been a sentinel on guard. He went up to him, and kicked him roughly.

"Get up, you fool! Don't you see his lordship wants to pass?"

Tommy glanced at him once, and his watery blue eyes began to twinkle, but he never moved.

"Don't you hear?"

Joe accomplished this last question by another kick, but this seemed to make as little impression as the former. The watery eyes twinkled rather more, that was all.

"Let him be!" said Lord Dacre, sternly. "I won't have the poor lad hurt."

Tommy grinned up at the earl and seemed pleased, uttering a discordant chuckle.

"I'll get the horse past somehow, Carthen, if you would lead perhaps my horse would follow yours."

But no, nothing would do. Finally, Lord Dacre had to submit and coax the animal into following, which he did reluctantly, with his head averted.

"This is very strange," said he; "I can't understand it. I never knew my horse to shy so determinedly before. And we often meet Tommy lying in the hedge asleep, but he has never made any objection to him before."

"There was something he did not like."

"It must have been some sudden freak," and then Lord Dacre proceeded to explain what he had meant by his sudden change of opinion in talking to Joe, and Mr. Carthen was greatly struck by his talent and presence of mind.

"The poor woman has, no doubt, her suspicions, and may be afraid of him besides. She is quite right not to speak until she is sure. It is impossible to tell what a desperate man might do."

"I wonder what reason she has for suspecting that fellow?"

"I must see her to-morrow and ask. I fancy it is close upon one now."

Mr. Carthen looked at his watch.

"It wants a minute of the hour."

"And I will just see the men, and give them their orders, and get home to lunch. We can't do any good by remaining."

The other assented gravely.

"I wish we might have discovered something," he said, "for the poor woman's sake.

CHAPTER IX.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.

For a day or two old Mark kept quietly at home. But, of course, as time passed on, the impression of the scene which had so disturbed him began gradually to fade.

He even ventured to doubt if it could have been a ghost, after all.

"The night was so confoundedly dark," he said to his son, "and things have happened so unpleasant, we wasn't in our usual spirits; but you may depend we was took in."

"I don't think we was."

"Then, what could you say we did see?"

"Why, a ghost, to be sure."

"Hold your tongue, Nat!" said the poacher, sharply. "Suppose it was a ghost, it's no use bringing up old grievances. May be, if he hears us talking about him, he'll think we are so fond of him we want him."

"Not if he knows my feelings, he won't," replied the son, making a wry face. "I never see such a customar as that before, and never want to again."

"Don't be disrespectful, boy, or"—and he glanced furtively around the room—"you may live to repent it!"

"I didn't mean anything uncivil, father."

"It sounded like it. What's that?"

The lock of the door turned, and both the men, with an unacknowledged fear at their hearts they would have been loth to confess, glanced eagerly that way.

The door opened, and a great burly, dark figure stood on the threshold.

"Are you ready, mates?"

"Ah! Is it you, Joe?"

The relief was so great, that old Mark's tone of voice was almost a welcome.

"We must try and get some sport to-night. I mean to be off to-night."

"Where to?"

"To another part of the country. Lansdown is growing too hot for me."

"How's that?"

"You've heard of the search they made in the woods?"

"Ay; but nothing came of it."

"I thought it would keep suspicion off a bit if I stayed, but I am not so sure but what it would be best to carry a whole skin away with me, now I have got it."

"You haven't heard nothing to frighten you?"

"Lord Dacre spoke pretty gruff the other day at starting, and when he finds that Flax doesn't turn up, he may do something worse than speak gruff, perhaps."

"What are you going to do when you get away?"

"There's other woods besides Lansdown, and Oaklands, I dare say. I shall manage to live."

"What's o'clock?" asked old Mark, turning to his son.

"It's just upon twelve, father."

"How near?"

"A minute to."

"We'll wait a bit, then. I don't like to hear the old church clock booming out the hour. It's got a wild sound, somehow."

The fact was, that the old man remembered just when the spectre had appeared before, and though Joe's presence seemed a kind of protection, he did not care to court a repetition of the former scene. The latter, who felt his time to be short, and wanted to make the most of it, chafed greatly at the delay; but the poacher was firm.

"Ten minutes after twelve I'll start," he said, "but not one second before. But you can go without us, you know, if that's your fancy?"

Old Mark was as obstinate as a mule, and Joe held his peace.

At the exact time the former had chosen, they started.

Each glanced from right to left stealthily as they issued forth, and proceeded towards the wood. But the white, weird face was not to be seen, and the old poacher's courage began to rise.

"We'll visit the traps first," he said. "Lord Dacre was shooting about here all day, so I expect he has driven some birds in. I mean us to do some business to-night, if there's business to be done!"

"Hush, father!" said Nat, softly. 'I fancied I heard a step behind."

"It's the twigs going back to their places, or maybe a hare we've frightened out of its seat."

"Hark a minute!" said Joe.

They stood still, and listened, breathless. The wind moaned a little, sweeping over the tall tree-tops and the low hazel bushes, and then dying away seaward, like a spent breath.

"It wasn't anything after all. Come on!"

Joe walked forward first in his impatience, and Nat brought up the rear.

They proceeded in perfect silence until they came to an opening in the wood, where the bushes were thick and tangled.

"I set one here," Joe said, stooping down to search for it. "I thought this was as likely a place as most."

He fumbled about in the grass for awhile, and then he rose to his feet, muttering a curse.

"The trap's gone."

"Nonsense!" said old Mark, incredulously. "They never played us that trick yet."

"I tell you it's gone!"

"Look again!"

Joe searched once more, but with the same result.

"Can't you find it?"

"No!"

"What could have put such a notion into their heads, I wonder?"

"They must have seen some sign of it when they searched the wood."

"I only put it up last night."

"I can't understand it at all."

"Let us go on to the next."

Joe went first still, and when they came near the spot where he remembered to have placed the second trap, all three halted.

Again Joe stooped to search for the trap, drawing his hand cautiously over the grass, but it soon became evident that this was gone, also.

His patience gave way here. He stamped on the ground, uttering fierce malodictions against Lord Dacre first, and the keepers afterwards.

"It's just as if they know'd it was my last night, and wanted to balk me," he said, angrily; "but you may depend I'll pay them out. I'm only going away until Flax's business has blown over, and then I think of marrying and settling hereabouts."

"Marrying!" repeated old Mark, in a tone of perfect astonishment.

"Ay; why not?"

"Well, I'm an old hand at this kind of thing, and my wife has been dead this twenty year—the day Nat was born; but a married man has no right to take to such precarious ways of earning his bread. It's enough to break a woman's heart."

"The woman I mean won't break her heart so easy as that comes to."

"Who is she?"

"There's no call to bring her name too forward just yet, as there's many a slip between the cup and the lip," said Joe, who felt his cheeks tingle with something that was very like shame. "Beside's we've got enough to do just now to look after our traps."

"I am afraid we shall have to look a long time before we find them."

"I begin to think so, too. It was a confounded ill chance that put the keepers on the scent this night, of all others."

"They'd better have waited until you was fairly out of the country, if they'd only know'd it," said the old poacher, with a sneer; "because then you'd have been safe, even if we wasn't."

"They'd be sure to suspect me first," answered Joe, sullenly.

"Even if they took us all together. You would have a better chance of getting off, if it came to a scuffle, because you know the woods so well."

"And don't you, then, by this time?"

"Not so well as you."

"The fact is—I always speak my mind—you're a bit of a sneak, Joe. We held by you when you was in trouble, and my lad might have been hanged if he had been caught; and yet the first chance you can get, you talk as cool as confidence of leaving us in the lurch. No, no; if we are mates, let us be mates, and sink or swim together."

"I don't see why, just because one is caught, the rest have got to be, too. Besides, I might help you to get out of prison if I was free myself."

"If once I get in goal I shall never get out of it again," said old Mark, in a true spirit of prophesy. "The confinement would soon kill me off."

"La! It's like everything else, you soon get used to it."

"Perhaps you've tried it, then!" said the old man, suspiciously.

"That's my business."

"Don't you take to quarreling, father and you," said Nat, persuasively, "or I don't know how we shall get along. There's a fine bird up in that tree, at roost on the second branch. I should say we might as well fire."

Nat had meant to effect a diversion, and succeeded. The poachers' keen eyes were at work, scanning the bird's position, and the most probable means of bringing it down.

"If you was to stand where I stand," he said, eagerly, to Joe, forgetting their little differences suddenly, in the excitement of his son's discovery, "I think he would roll down at Nat's feet. As far as I can judge, he seems a splendid bird, and worth the risk of a shot."

"It will bring the keepers after us."

"Suppose we go to all the traps first, and then come back here. If the keepers do hear the gun go off then, it won't so much signify; for when they are once alarmed, we can get all we find, and start off home before they are half way here. It's very difficult to tell exactly where the sound comes from always."

"Only if they was to search the house?" suggested Nat.

"Why then I should be in bed, and fast asleep, of course. I have made a kind of pulley, so that we can tie all the birds together, and draw them as high up the chimney as we like for a little while. We'll get rid of them the first thing when we arrive, so as to make as sure as possible, and pull off your clothes and jump into bed, as if nothing had happened."

"Perhaps they won't be took in quite so easy as you think for."

"You can't prove a man has been out a poaching when you find him lying quiet and snoring, can you?"

"But what if he's got fresh mud upon his boots?"

"I never thought of that."

"But I did," replied Joe, with great triumph in his own sagacity. "I knowed one of my mates once, who was caught by that very trick. He'd got to bed all right, and was looking as innocent as a lamb, when one of the keepers says, 'Look at his boots.' 'Ah, but I've been to work all day,' says my mate. 'That's very likely; but the mud's fresh within an hour, I'll declare,' says the keeper, and hurries him off to prison, where he lay for a month or more."

"If the worst comes to the worst, we can hide our muddy boots, and put a dry pair at the bedside."

"That would be a good idea. And now we'll just see if they've left the other traps alone."

"They must be pretty cunning if they've found them all," said Nat.

But out of the half dozen Joe had set up, there was only one left, and that was empty. The man's evil, brutal nature was fairly roused.

"I should like to get hold of another of them keepers," he hissed between his clenched teeth, "I'd serve him something like Flax, you may depend. I wish I hadn't been such a fool as to leave my gun behind."

"Nay, there's enough mischief done already," said old Mark; "and me and Nat don't want the credit of any more. May be we shall have better luck next time."

"But, I tell you, I must get away at day-break."

"Then you will be on the safe side anyhow, if you're not on the winning side," replied the old poacher, composedly.

To tell the truth, he was not sorry to know he should be rid of Joe's future company; for though old Mark had lax principles enough, he did not approve of murder.

"We had better get all we can, and be quick about it," said Joe, when he had cooled down a little.

"Nat's gun is loaded, I expect."

"We'll have the pheasant we saw in the tree first."

They went back as fast as they could to the place where they had seen the bird sitting, and found that it was still there, perfectly motionless, its long, handsome tail sweeping over the branch and its head tucked under its wing.

Nat took aim carefully and fired. He heard the shot give a dull thud against the bird's breast; but it neither fell nor even moved.

Nat loaded again.

"Come," said old Mark, "let me have a turn this time."

Again they could hear the shot bounce against the tree, but the bird never stirred.

"I'll show you what I'm made of now!" said Joe, and took aim with precision and triumph. "He'll be down this time, I'll be bound."

But no.

"Get up in the tree, Nat," said the poacher; "perhaps he's froze in his seat."

"Then he'd drop when the shot touched him."

"Look, any way."

Nat climbed to the branch, stretched his arm along it and tried to pull the bird away.

"It's a decoy, as I'm alive!" he said, in a startled voice; "and the keepers are on the watch near. Let's be off!"

At this moment, they heard the low growl of a dog, and a whispered voice silencing him. Nat was on his feet by this time and dragging his father through the tangled underwood that surrounded them.

"You get on, father, and I'll cover your passage," said the lad, with generous self-abnegation. "Prison wouldn't hurt me, and it would kill you at your years."

He pushed him on and followed; but scarcely had he set his foot on a huge bramble that stayed his path, than, with a quick, angry bark, the dog was on him and had seized his leg in its sharp teeth, viciously.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HEART HISTORY.

BY MABEL LESLIE.

She was the last person in the world who would seem to have a romance connected with her life, and when one day she told me the following story, I listened in wonder. Dear Aunt Alice! I see her now, as she sat that afternoon, with her soft white cap upon the silver hair, and her hands folded over the snowy apron;

When I was young, I was called a beauty. I was a fair girl with health and strength, and at one time quite the belle of our village. Father was wealthy, and we were all as happy as the day was long. It was at that blissful period of my life, that my boy-lover, Allen Harley, returned from school, and, from the old-time talk of the doll-house and its accompaniments, we began to talk of real life, and a future in each other's society. I loved the handsome fellow, and when he asked me to be his wife, my answer came from my heart.

Ah, Mabel! the days that followed were fraught with life's best hopes, and I was happy. Allen was to settle in our village, and there pursue the practice of medicine, which was his chosen profession, and already the spot for our house was chosen. All the long winter and spring my busy fingers worked on, and before the warm weather came, I had a pile of blankets, and sheets, and all the necessary household and table linen, packed in the big chest in the garret. My Aunt Alice, whose name I bear, sent me her old-fashioned silver service, and father added the prettiest set of china that could be found. Allen and I used to look these things over and talk of the happy days that would surely come, and our dear little home, which was now under the process of building.

It was in June, and the roses bloomed in our garden, and filled the air with fragrance. The broad fields were resplendent with the sweet pink and white clover blossoms, and the whole earth rejoiced in its robe of summer glory.

One night I stood at the door and watched Allen as he walked slowly across the field, and ever and anon held up his hand to me. It was a lovely night. The sun had sunk to rest, and left behind it a mass of pink and flame-colored clouds, which now floated afar off above the tall pine trees, and the green-capped mountains.

There was not a ruffle upon the lake below, but, like my own heart, it lay calm, serene, and beautiful. I stood watching it until Allen came up, sprang over the gate, and stood beside me. A little dart of pain ran through me, and I sighed, when a light breeze rippled across the water, and disturbed its glassy surface.

"Oh!" I said.

"What is it, Allie?"

"I only—— Well, it was nothing. I was only thinking."

"I have a letter for you," he said, pulling a tiny white missive from his pocket; "and I know that it is from some school friend who wants to come to spend the summer, and officiate as bridesmaid at your wedding. I say it's too bad. It will destroy our peace."

I laughed, and opened it. It was written in a delicate hand upon scented paper, and was so very like the writer, Nellie Ellis, that I did not need to look at the signature to know at once its origin.

"I am coming, Allie, to stay all the summer, if you will let me," she wrote; "and I shall, of course, expect to be bridesmaid, when you marry your handsome young doctor."

"Didn't I tell you so?" he said, triumphantly. "I knew how it would be."

I coaxed him back into good humor, and we sat there chatting of our happy future until it grew late, and father called us.

The next week Nellie came, and I shall never forget how lovely she looked, as she stepped from the carriage, and came into our little parlor. She wore a traveling suit of light gray, and a dainty little hat, which rested upon her curls like a crown, and made the sweet child-face even prettier than ever.

"What a sweet little nest, Allie," she said, after I had removed the hat and mantle. "I know I shall be more than contented here with you. And so, brownie, you are going to be married! Dear me, it quite makes me shiver to think of it. Is he handsome?"

"Very."

"Of course you think so. Well, I hope so, for I think it must be dreadful to marry a plain man."

I smiled at her, and called her a baby; and thus Nellie began her visit.

Allen came that evening, and I saw the admiration in his eyes, when he beheld her. She was really shy, and crept away into the shadow of the rose-bush near the door, and sat down, pulling the ears of my tortoise-shell kitten, and not until Allen went and gave her his hand, could we draw her from her hiding-place.

She was a mere child, and would shake her curls down over her shoulders, and laugh, until I wanted to clasp her in my arms and kiss her. I think Allen felt so, too, for at such times the great gray eyes grew soft and beautiful, and the smile upon his lips tender and fond.

He loved to set her upon the fence before the door, and laugh when she cried out that she should fall; and when he had teased her a long while, until the bright eyes were brighter with tears, he would go, and putting both arms around her, lift the wee thing down and pat her head.

I thought nothing of it, but, idle fool that I was, went on with my work, and left them to themselves. I was only too glad to see them happy. I never dreamed that aught could come between him and me. I thought the love which bound us so deep and strong, that death alone could part us; but, alas! I knew nothing of the canker at its roots.

One day I came upon them as they sat under the tree behind the house, and I saw her hand in his, and heard her say:

"Allen, you are a naughty, naughty boy!"

He laughed, and leaned over and kissed her. I would have gone away and left them, but her sharp eyes caught a glimpse of me, and she cried:

"Come, Allie, and scold this bad boy."

I went and sat down beside them, and tried to be merry, but, oh! there was a bitter, bitter pain at my heart, and I could not crush back the dreadful light which had so suddenly gleamed upon me.

The summer days passed on, and I saw that these two hearts were each day drawing nearer, and my poor love drifting away, but I kept a seal upon my lips, and smothered the sorrow which was devouring me.

At last, one night I went up to my room, and sitting there, I penned a note which I meant to send him early in the morning. I told him that I had seen his love for her, and gave him to her with my blessing. Heaven only knows the tears which those lines cost me, but I believe I arose from my desk stronger than before.

I lay down upon my bed and wept for hours, until sleep came and hushed my grief. It was late in the night when I awoke, and I found that I had left the window open, and the night air was falling upon me. I arose, and went to close it. I looked out. It was almost as bright as day, and I could see afar out over the lake. I looked until I grew tired, and was about to leave the window, when a light figure crossed the broad belt of moonlight on the lawn.

I started up with a cry. Some vague, unknown fear crept over me, and I went into Nellie's chamber. The little room was as still as death, and the bed not slept in.

A little white note fluttered down from the mantel, and I stooped and picked it up. It was the same dainty hand that I had read before, on the door-step, in the early June.

"Allie, forgive me for my wrong. I love him, love him dearly, and he has told me that he cannot, will not, live without me. Forgive and forget your erring "NELLIE."

I sank down upon the floor, and all became dark and confused. When I awoke, it was many weeks later, and the sinful lovers far, far away.

Mabel, child, the weary years have dragged on, and I have kept up with them, and that is all. I have not lived, I have not hoped.

Nellie, poor child, came back to die in my arms, ten years later; and he, poor misguided wretch, lived on. Heaven alone knows where he now wanders.

Upstairs in the old green chest lie the cherished objects which in those happy days I so loved to look upon. They are all that I have left.

The soft eyes looked down upon the lake below the hill, and I saw a little quiver upon her lips. She was praying for *him*.

CAUGHT IN MY OWN TRAP.

BY K. L. H.

Dora and I had been silent fully fifteen minutes—an unusual occurence for us—when she suddenly broke out into one of her gayest, sweetest peals of laughter. The cars were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, but Dora's laugh rang out above all their noise and confusion.

"What is it Dora, you witch you?" I said, half piqued that she had not at first told me what pleased her, and laughed afterwards.

"Nothing, Nell, only I was just thinking of something funny. Do you see that gentleman in front of us, with the beautiful black whiskers and dreamy brown eyes? Well, he's been watching you behind that book for the last half hour, looking as if he would love to take a bit of the red roses on your cheeks. Don't blush, but he is in love with you, I'll bet my gold thimble on it. I was just thinking of some of the stories I have read about young ladies mistaking handsome young fellows for their brothers, etc., and thought what fun it would be if you could only manage to mistake that gentleman for your brother Fred."

I was ready for fun in a moment.

"Tell you what I'll do," I broke out, eagerly. "You know I haven't seen Fred since I went to school, three years ago; of course he's changed a great deal since then. Well, if that literary gentleman with brown eyes (he is handsome, isn't he Dora?) should get off at our station; I'll wait till he gets mixed up in the crowd, see him suddenly for the first time, rush up to him in a flutter of delight, call him brother Fred, and give him such a kissing as he hasn't had since he saw his sweetheart last."

"Yes, I would, if I were you," said Dora, sarcastically. "You daren't, you know."

"Don't I dare, though? wait and see."

And so I dropped back into the cushion in silence till the train stopped at our station.

Dora gave me a wicked look, and whispered that she knew my courage would fail me, for the gentleman was really getting off.

I was not to be triumphed over, though; and so, as we stepped out on the platform I saw the literary gentleman standing amidst the crowd, and with a little bound threw myself in his arms, and kissing him full in the mouth, hysterically exclaimed—

"Fred, you dear brother, how do you do?"

I caught a glimpse of Dora—she was in danger of going into convulsions. I was expecting to hear the stranger say, confusedly, that there was some mistake, but, to my surprise, he gave me a hearty embrace—kissed me two or three times—said he was well—that I grew a great deal; and inquired for my little friend Dora—who, all this time, was exciting the sympathies of the crowd, as they supposed she was insane, judging from her frantic laughter.

"Father and mother are expecting you, Nellie, and are so impatient they can scarcely wait to see you. I was afraid you would not know me, but I am really glad that my image has been treasured up so carefully in my sister's heart."

I was bewildered beyond measure. It really was Fred, then, and I had not known him? I felt slightly ridiculous, and while introducing Dora to my brother, whispered her to keep quiet in reference to my intended trick.

I was too much confused to think of inquiring how he came to be in the cars without seeing me; so we all went to the carriage which was waiting for us, and drove rapidly to our home.

I had never known Fred to be so affectionate. He held my hands in his own all the time, and kissed me at unnecessary intervals; but to tell the truth, I had never loved him half so well before—never thought him half so handsome.

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me; father repeated it; and finally a frank, hearty voice broke out with—

"Hallo, sis! aren't you going to notice your scapegrace of a brother at all?"

And to my astonishment, a handsome fellow I had not yet seen gave me a genuine hug, and a kiss that you could have heard across the yard.

"There is some mistake," I murmured, "are you my brother Fred? I thought that gentleman was," pointing to the handsome gentleman I had embraced at the depot.

"Why, sis, are you crazy? Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow there is my college chum, Archie Winters, who went half way up the line to meet you. What are you blushing at, Nell? I didn't have time to go, and let him take your picture with him, so that he would be sure and know you. He's been playing off some of his mad pranks, and passing himself off for me, I'll warrant."

I looked at Archie Winters beseechingly, and as they were all going into the house, I whispered to him:

"For pity's sake do not speak of that mistake. How could it have happened?"

"I overheard you talking in the cars, and will keep your secret only on one condition."

He whispered something to me that made my face flush scarlet; but I was at his mercy, and said I would think of it, reader; and to the delight of the whole family—Dora and Fred in particular—Archie and I were married in less than six months. And Dora said to me, as I bade her good-bye, that it would give unspeakable delight to Fred and herself, if I would attend their wedding in a month to come, and I did so.

EARLY RISING.—There is no time spent so stupidly as that which inconsiderate people pass in a morning, between sleeping and waking. He who is up may be at work, or amusing himself; he who is asleep, is receiving the refreshment necessary to fit him for action; but the hours spent in dozing and slumbering are wasted without either pleasure or profit. The sooner you leave your bed, the seldomer you will be confined to it.

PLEASURES come like oxen, and go away like post-horses.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO REMOVE tattoo marks from the skin, blister the part with a plaster a little larger than the mark; then keep the place open for a week with an ointment; finally, dress it to get well. As the new skin grows the tattoo marks will disappear.

TO REVIVE WITHERED FLOWERS.—Plunge the stems into boiling-water, and by the time the water is cold the flowers will revive. The ends of the stalks should then be cut off; and the flowers should be put to stand in cold water, and they will keep fresh for several days.

TO CLEAN ALABASTER OBJECTS.—Alabaster objects are liable to become yellow by keeping, and are especially injured by smoke, dust, etc. They may be, in some measure, restored by washing with soap and water, then with clear water, and polished with shave-grass. Grease spots may be removed either by rubbing with talc powder, or oil of turpentine.

TO REMOVE WATER STAINS FROM BLACK CRAPE.—When a drop of water falls on a black crape veil or collar, it leaves a conspicuous white mark. To obliterate this, spread the crape on a table (laying on it a large book or a paper-weight to keep it steady), and place underneath the stain a piece of old black silk. With a large camel's hair brush dipped in common ink, go over the stain; and then wipe off the ink with a little bit of old soft silk. It will dry immediately, and the white mark will be seen no more.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Benzine and common clay will clean marble.

Castor oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

Lemon juice and glycerine will remove tan and freckles.

A dose of castor oil will aid you in removing pimples.

Lemon juice and glycerine will cleanse and soften the hands.

Spirits of ammonia, diluted a little, will cleanse the hair very thoroughly.

Lunar caustic carefully applied so as not to touch the skin, will destroy warts.

Powdered nitre is good for removing freckles. Apply with a rag moistened with glycerine.

To obviate offensive perspiration wash your feet with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia.

The juice of ripe tomatoes will remove the stain of walnuts from the hands without injury to the skin.

SUBSTANCES IN THE EYE.—A substance getting in the eye may either lie disengaged on its surface, or, having penetrated the external coat, may there remain fixed. In the former case, it is easily removed by a camel-hair pencil, or a piece of paper rolled into the size of a crow-quill, with the end softened in the mouth. Sometimes the substance sticks in the corner, when, if it cannot be removed with a probe or fine forceps, the point of a lancet should be carefully passed under it so as to lift it out. If the removal cannot be effected without considerable difficulty, it is better to leave it to be detached by ulceration, taking every precaution to keep off undue inflammation, by avoiding a strong light, fomenting with warm water, etc. To remove fine particles of gravel, lime, etc., the eye should be syringed with lukewarm water till free from them. Be particular not to worry the eye under the impression that the substance is still there, which the enlargement of some of the minute vessels makes the patient believe to be actually the case.

READERS AND WRITERS.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly. Youths who are destined for active careers, or ambitions of distinction in such forms of literature as require freshness of invention or originality of thought, should avoid the habit of intense study for many hours at a stretch. There is a point in all tension of the intellect beyond which effort is only waste of strength. Fresh ideas do not readily spring up within a weary brain; and whatever exhausts the mind not only enfeebles its power, but narrows its scope. We often see men who have over-read at college, entering upon life languidly as if they were about to leave it. They have not the vigor to cope with their own generation, for their own generation is young, and they have wasted the nervous energy which supplies the sinews of war to youth, in its contest for fame or fortune. Study with regularity, at settled hours. Those in the forenoon are the best, if they can be secured. The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of the twelvemonth. He is seldom overworked who can contrive to be in advance of his work. If you have three weeks before you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week, and not the third. Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done. In learning what others have thought, it is well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self. When an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his. Be not contented to have learned a problem by heart; try and deduce from it a corrollary not in the book. Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalize; but it is only when details are generalized that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalize is universal with all men who achieve great success, whether in art, literature or action. The habit of generalizing, though at first gained with care and caution, secures, by practice, a comprehensiveness of judgment and a promptitude of decision, which seem to the crowd like intuitions of genius. And, indeed, nothing more distinguishes the man of genius from the mere man of talent than the facility of generalizing the various details, each of which demands the aptitude of a special talent; but all which can only be gathered into a whole by the grasp of a mind which may have no special aptitude for any.

TEMPERANCE and exercise are, easy enough: yet when added to the tranquility of the mind, they constitute all that is wanting for our happiness.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

BY SUSANNA J.

So soon forgotten! In thy tranquil sleeping
Would it not grieve thy faithful heart to know
Life's crowding duties leave no time for weeping,
E'en when our best and dearest lieth low?

A little while the pathway must seem dreary,
When change or death has veiled a dear one's face;
But youthful hearts of mourning soon grow weary,
And seek new friends to fill the vacant space.

A while it may be that our hearts endeavor
Their faith to keep, unaltered, to the dead;
But Love is vanquished by the Grave's stern "Never,"
And still the daily round remains to tread.

Yet in one heart the olden chimes are ringing;
O'er one sad life still Memory's sun-rays shine—
O happy thought that every day is bringing
The union nearer of her soul and thine!

Though in her ears thy name is never spoken,
Thy memory unprized by all beside,
Deep in her heart the truth remains unbroken
Till Death unites whom Life did but divide.

JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER LIII.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Things without remedy
Should be without regard. What's done is done.
—*Shakespeare.*

Society—that is, the West-end portion of London life—never knew how much of truth or falsehood there was in the last sentence which fell from the lips of the haughty and beautiful but utterly guilty creature who had been its idol and ornament for a few brief seasons. The first report that got about was that Muriel Onslow, being insane, had murdered her former rival, but the full confession of Ralph Rutherford, and a letter to the *Times* from Ernest Dormer, undeceived all except those few wrongheaded people who would not be undeceived—and there are such people in the world—and who preferred to look upon the awful Kingcolm tragedy as a romance of love and jealousy of modern times.

Perhaps only the four people who stood round nearest the poor corpse when the last effort of her life was an avowal of her guilt were the only persons in the world besides her murderer who knew for a certainty that the beautiful heiress and the guilty, depraved Teresa Sclavoni were one and the same person.

Mrs. Bellew had told Cuthbert Winstanley that Doris inherited nothing of good from her mother's side. It might be so that the evil in her was inherent, and had grown for want of a firm guiding hand to check it; or it might be that in her free, unfettered life in Mexico her passionate nature had yielded to temptation in the first place, and sin had grown upon sin, one being committed to conceal another. It was over now; her sin and its atonement were alike consummated, and there only remained to bury her out of sight and ken, and pray that heaven might have mercy upon her guilty soul.

The truth was to come out now. Ralph Rutherford, taken red-handed on the very scene of his crime, furious and desperate, and almost the madman he had been made out to be for so many years, told his whole story, and did not hide one particle of his guilt. He had married Doris Carlyon in Mexico, believing her to be what she called herself—Teresa Sclavoni, a farmer's daughter.

He told how she had deserted him for the man she had afterwards murdered, though the crime had been so well planned, and so quietly committed, that it appeared impossible it could be her work. She had suddenly disappeared, and he had sought her far and wide, resolving to be revenged on her for her conduct to him.

"And I never found her," he said, sullenly, "till I came face to face with her a great lady."

"And why did you not make yourself known to her?" asked the prison chaplain, to whom the revelation was made.

"And beg for charity at the hands of my wife!" was the bitter retort. "Not I! She knew where to find me. She could have helped me and kept her child from starvation, and she didn't do it. She let me come to England and meet her, weary, footsore and ragged, and I swore in that hour that for every pang the boy and I had suffered she should pay tenfold. I have kept my word, and I should have kept it long ago but for her hellish devices."

"Are you quite sure you are telling the truth?" the chaplain asked, for the prisoner's manner was wild and incoherent, and his words startling and strange.

"Quite sure, sir—every word of it. I am standing face to face with a shameful death, and with the gallows staring me in the face for what I have done, I am not likely to lie. I went to the fancy ball she gave, in disguise. I meant to meet her and hear what she had to say for herself; for, beautiful and wicked as she was, I couldn't help remembering the time when I had believed her to be all my own, and loved her as honest men love their true wives, and I think, if she had met me anyhow but as she did, I could have spared her even then."

"But you did spare her—you did not harm her then?"

"No, sir!"

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. She came to meet me, and fell down at my feet in a faint. There was no one there, and I laid her on a sofa and waited for her to come round, fool that I was, and she asked me to drink with her. I refused, and she left the room, and I sat there, worn out and weak, and helped myself to the wine she had taken out of a cupboard. Fool that I was to touch it; but I fancied she had drank from the same. It must have been a ruse, for I knew nothing after I swallowed that glass of wine till I found myself in a madhouse, with another name—my very existence blotted out."

"But you were really insane—the doctors say so."

"May be, sir—very likely. Many a man would go mad with less cause. I wasn't so mad but I remember getting away and going to Limehouse. I saw all that happened to that old man, Colliver. I saw the other man put him down the well—after he was dead, mind. I could have sworn to that, but that they had caught me and shut me up again. I must have been mad then, for it was all like a wild dream at the time, though I remember it so well. After that, I believe I was said to be dead, but I don't rightly know. My mind kept pretty straight, and I managed to escape and do what I have done."

He would listen to no exhortations, and the chaplain could do nothing with him. He asked after his child, and seemed pleased to hear that he was in good hands, but he refused to see him.

"He's old enough to remember, poor little beggar," he said, "and I don't want to stamp his whole life with the memory of this lively place. There'll be plenty of people ready enough to tell him his father was hanged; but there's no need for him to know it till they do."

And so he died, unfriended, impenitent and sullen to the last, and long after he was laid in his unblessed prison grave, Ernest Dormer had corroboration of his story from Amphlett Selwyn, in Australia. That gentleman declined to come to England, but made a clean breast of it.

"The temptation was very great," he wrote. "I was struggling against threatened bankruptcy, and Miss Carlyon offered me a large sum of money down, and a certain annuity as long as the man could be kept out of the way. I took him away as a friend of mine who had taken too much wine, and with the help of a friend got him safely bestowed in a lunatic asylum. I had no idea who he was, or what relation he bore to Miss Carlyon, till that lady told me herself. She wished me to go to Australia, but I have reason to believe she never intended me to get there."

"Indeed she did not," thought Ernest to himself, when he read the letter. "It is just as well for Mr. Amphlett Selwyn that he does not come back to England. He's better where he is. So ends that drama."

A terrible drama, truly, but over at last, and no one left to remind the public of its horrors, save the little heir, who was being brought up in a carefully tended seclusion, to be educated and made a man of some day, and with a bright future before him, when time should have dimmed the recollection of how his parents died, and made Kingcolm Grange once more a fitting home for happiness and peace.

CHAPTER LIV.

L'ENVOI.

And what is writ is writ;
Would it be worthier. —*Byron.*

The day came at last—a bright, genial spring morning—when Jasper Onslow looked the world in the face once more a free man. He had been a model prisoner, giving no trouble, asking for nothing that was beyond the rules of the place, and never complaining, and the governor's hand-shake and little speech of good wishes when he left was earnest and kindly spoken.

Ernest Dormer was waiting for him in a cab when he stepped out, pale and trembling with excitement and the sense of freedom. Hardly a word was said between them as they drove to a remote suburb, where lodgings had been taken for Muriel. Far away from any scene of his former life, at the foot of Highgate Hill, he found his wife and children. Ernest would not go in with him, but bid him good-bye at the door.

"We will talk about the future another time," he said, "when you have settled down a little."

Two or three times he went to the little household in the tiny out-of-the-way cottage, and various plans were proposed for Jasper's future consideration; but nothing definite had been settled, when one morning he rode out after an absence of three or four days, and to his amazement found the cottage shut up, and no trace of any inhabitants to be seen.

The woman from the nearest house ran out to answer questions, and informed him that Mr. Onslow was "gone away."

"Gone! Where?"

"I don't know, sir. They went the day before yesterday. The landlord has just been to look over the things. There's no damages to pay for, he says."

The cottage was let furnished, so that to move away was an easy matter, and the woman could give no information.

"I think there was a letter left at the agent's for you, sir," she said. "Mrs. Onslow said you'd be sure to come and ask for them."

"Mrs. Onslow was right," he said, and went his way to the agent's, where he found a letter from Jasper.

He could get no more intelligence from the man. He knew nothing about the late tenants of Lawn Cottage. They had paid the rent and left the key, and there was an end of them as far as he was concerned.

Dreading he scarce knew what, Ernest took the letter home to his chambers before he opened it. It was not very long, but it left a void in his heart that refused to be filled for many a long year.

"My Dear Old Friend—I must call you so, even though this letter ends your friendship for me forever. Good-bye—heaven bless you! There's all I have to say, if I were to write a hundred sheets. It's the substance of it all, and I write it because we cannot come and say it with our tongues. We are going away, Muriel and I, to begin life again where no one can tell our children in the time to come of their father's sin and their mother's sorrow. I cannot face my fellow men yet. I cannot make a fresh start in England, where my name would be on every one's tongue. When I feel I can hold up my head again, I will write to you and tell you where a letter will find us if you will write. I have found a friend who has helped me to do this. Heaven bless him for it! Heaven bless you, too, for all your goodness. My children shall be taught to pray for you and yours. If we never meet on earth, and there is mercy in heaven for such as I, Providence may ordain that we meet each other in the next world. This letter is for Muriel as well as myself. Poor girl, she broke down when she attempted to write. When you get this we shall be upon the sea. Let your good wishes give us God speed.

"Yours, in heartfelt gratitude,

"Jasper Onslow."

Ernest went straight to Anthony Colliver's lodgings—handsome chambers now—and showed him the letter.

"You were the friend," he said.

"Well, yes, I was," the old man replied. "He wanted the chance, and I gave it to him; but I know no more than you where he is gone."

Nor did any one else. There was no clue. No such name appeared upon the books of any ship which had sailed or was going to sail, and no trace could be found of the family anywhere. The cabman had taken them to the King's-cross station—that was all they could learn; and time went by, weeks, months, and years, and their names grew to be forgotten.

Five years after Jasper Onslow was set free from prison, Ernest Dormer and Cuthbert Winstanley went on their travels together. Ernest was the bachelor he always would be. His friend had won and lost a pretty and gentle wife who only lived a year, to lie down with her baby at the end of it and give herself and her new treasure into heaven's keeping. In the very bitterness of his grief, Ernest persuaded him to let him take him away from England and the grave, the sight of which left his heart so sore.

Mrs. Bellew was dead. The shock of the terrible tragedy at Kingcolm had left effects from which she never quite rallied, and she sank gradually and died about two years after her niece's dreadful end. Septimus Luker had been heard of no more from the time he went back discomfitted to his Australian practice. Anthony Colliver was settled quietly down in London with a watchful eye to the welfare of the young heir of Kingcolm, who was placed with a clergyman's family at Richmond till he should be ready to go to school.

The two friends joined an exploring expedition through British Columbia, and were many months penetrating from one side to the other of the great continent. At last, one summer's day, their journeyings came to an end for awhile on the banks of the Fraser River at Fort Yale. They were going to rest there a few days, and learn some news of the outer world, for Yale was not more than twenty miles from a seaport, and boasted of a post-office, a church, a school, and a hotel. It was quite a magnificent city in their eyes after the unbroken solitude of the forests and plains they had crossed.

"And I wonder which is the hotel," Ernest said, as they surveyed the town from the steep mountain path they had to traverse to get to it. "The houses all look alike."

"Ask at the first one," suggested Winstanley, and they turned in at the gate of a cottage that had a home-like and comfortable look, very different from the usual style of settlers in the West.

The windows were open, and two pretty children were leaning on the sill of the nearest one.

"Mamma, here's a gentleman," said the elder, a boy, as Ernest opened the gate, the perfect English accent striking oddly on his ear.

He saw a woman sitting sewing in the room on which the door opened, and went forward to ask what he wanted to know.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he began, and a golden head was lifted, and a pair of well-known eyes looked inquiringly into his face.

The rest of the question was never spoken, for he sprang forward with an exclamation of glad surprise, and caught her in his arms.

It was Muriel Onslow, and the stalwart, bronzed, hearty-looking man who came out of an inner room at her surprised cry, was Jasper.

They were found at last—here on the very confines of civilization; he holding a place of trust as manager and overseer of a large district of mining operations; she, respected and admired by all who knew her. Not to be persuaded to return to the world again, though their old friends strove hard during their brief stay to induce them to give up life in the wilds and return.

It was something to have found them, to know that they were safe and well; but the pleasure was pointed with pain at having to leave them there.

Sooner or later the *mal du pays* does its work upon all, and there came a time when, his children growing up, and money accumulating in useless heaps in his western home, Jasper Onslow and Muriel made up their minds to come home.

"For their children's sake," they said to themselves, but really to satisfy their own longing. Not into the fashionable world—not into Park-lane, or the purlieus of the West, but into a big, old-fashioned house in Camberwell, with a garden and shading trees. There they live—Jasper a gray-haired man now, not from years, but from sorrowful experience; their son, a tall stripling, going to college in a few months; their daughter a reproduction of the Muriel Chisholm of old days.

Hither came Anthony Colliver, growing very old and feeble now, and people whisper that the bright-eyed boy and the pretty girl will have all his money when he dies.

Hither, too, came Ernest Dormer and Cuthbert Winstanley, old and tried friends, with many new ones to whom the old house is a pleasant place; but the light of the home, the guiding spirit of them all, is Muriel. Not the golden-haired Muriel of the old Kingcolm days—bitter experience has turned the "threads of living gold" to silver now; not the passionate *Medea* who sacrificed everything to her revenge, but a gentle, motherly woman, calmly happy, devotedly attached to her children, adoring her husband. The bitterness of all that is gone by is past for ever now, and Jasper Onslow's wife is wont to declare that she would change places with no woman upon earth, for in her declining years she has found—

Domestic happiness, the only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.

[THE END.]

POVERTY.—What is poverty? Not destitution, but poverty? It has many shapes—aspects almost as various as the minds and circumstances of those whom it visits. To the savage in the wilds, it is fame; to the laborer in the cottage, it is hardship and privation; to the proud, it is disgrace; and to the miser, it is despair. It is a spectre, haunting the man who lives at ease, with dread of change. Such are its varied aspects; but what is it in reality? It is really a deficiency of the comforts of life—a deficiency present and to come. It involves many other things; but this is what it is. Is it, then, worth all the apprehensions and grief it occasions? Is it an adequate cause for the gloom of the merchant, the discontent of the artizan, the foreboding sighs of the mother, the ghastly dreams which haunt the avaricious, the humiliation of the proud? Those are severe sufferings; are they authorized by the nature of poverty? Certainly not; if poverty induced no adventitious evils, involved nothing but a deficiency of the comforts of life, leaving life itself unimpaired. "The life is more than food, and the body than raiment;" and the untimely extinction of life itself would not be worth the pangs which apprehended poverty excites.

USEFUL RULES.—We should accustom ourselves to view those above us without admiration and envy, and never look upon those below us with contempt. Little souls fall down and worship grandeur, without reflecting that admiration is due only to virtue and goodness.

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received from the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, the British Quarterly Review for July, 1874, just reprinted by them. This number contains many excellent articles, such as "The Depths of the Sea," an account of recent deep-sea explorations; "David Frederick Strauss," giving a slight sketch of his life, his writings and the influences that induced his theories; "Far Russia," an amusing description of the most eastern part of Siberia, the climate, modes of traveling, and manners and customs of the people," &c.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM; OR, THE PATHOLOGY AND TREATMENT OF MEDIOMANIA; being two lectures read before the New York Liberal Club, by Frederic R. Marvin, M. D., Professor of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in the New York Free Medical College for Women. Published by Asa K. Butts & Co., 36 Dey street, New York, and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, publishers, Philadelphia.

FAITHFUL.

BY MAY CARLETON.

The November wind, howling around the country home of Ruth Foster, tore the yellow leaves off the stripped maples, and rattled them in dry showers against the curtained windows. Outside, the November day was ending gloomily and bleakly enough, with a watery sun going down in a sky of lead, and the rising gale giving promise of a stormy night.

But in the parlor where Ruth sat, with its curtains drawn, the fire blazing in the grate, the pictures and piano, the table laden with books, its rich carpet and cushioned chairs, there was comfort and cosiness enough, surely. The piano was open, with music upon it, as if Ruth had but just ceased playing; and she lay back in a low chair, looking into the fire, and thinking. A handsome face that, looking out from those rich, brown curls, but a thought too grave and pale, perhaps. A great deal too grave, surely, for a bride of one month, and the mistress of such a home as this. It had been her dream all her life—poor child! she was only twenty—to escape from the drudgery of a governess, and marry a rich man. She had attained the desire of her heart at last; she was the wife of—well, not a rich man exactly, but one who could give her a pretty home, handsome dresses, delicate fare, and several servants to wait on her. He was double her age. He was not handsome, or talented, or polished, or desirable in any way, except as far as his money made him; and she had married him in a fit of desperate mutiny against her wearisome life. It had been, Marry in haste; looking at her as she sat there, you would have said it was, Repent at leisure.

There was a knock at the front door. An instant after, her cousin, Lena Hewitt, rushed in, her whole face in a glow.

"Ruth! Ruth!" was her cry, "only guess who has come! Oh, you can't! Why, your old beau, Harry Newton!"

She threw herself into a seat, this impetuous Lena, making it creak under her, and ran on:

"He came this afternoon by the train. I was down at the station, and knew him the moment he appeared, though it is three years since he went away. Oh, Ruth! he is just as handsome as ever he can be, and he is rich, for he told me so. He said he had been away making his fortune; and now he had come back for some one—'the girl I left behind me,' he said, to share it. Ain't you surprised, Ruth?"

"Yes."

Lena Hewitt looked at her cousin for the first time, struck by her changed voice. But Mrs. Foster was holding up a handscreen before her face, and Lena could not see the white change that had passed over it.

"He asked for you," Lena ran on, "the first thing, and you ought to have seen his look when I told him you were married. I declare he seemed as if you might have knocked him down with a feather. 'Married!' he kept repeating, as if he could not believe his ears; 'married! Ruth married?' 'Yes,' said I, 'to Mr. Hugh Foster.' Ruth, really you ought to have seen his face—it was as good as a farce, its blank consternation!"

Lena ought to have seen the face hidden by the handscreen—its ghastliness might have startled her. But she could not, and she rattled on:

"I do think he is as much in love with you as ever; and oh, how handsome he is! Won't he be a prize, with his good looks, and his new-made riches, for some of us forlorn damsels, now that you are out of the way? I say, though, Ruth, don't be angry; you ought to have waited a month longer before becoming Mrs. F. I am afraid you liked Henry better than you ever did Hugh. I must be off now; Harry's coming to our house to tea, and I just snatched a minute to run in and tell you the news."

She was off like a whirlwind. As the door closed, the handscreen fell from before the face of Ruth Foster, and it was white as the face of a dead woman. An awful despair had seized her in these few moments. What had she done? Harry, her darling, her lover, whom she had never expected to see again, back, with the old love for her, and the wealth he had gone to win for her; Harry back, and she another man's wife! All her love false, every promise broken; married to a man she despised, and Harry here!

Mr. Hugh Foster, a grave, stoop-shouldered, plodding sort of man, coming in at half-past six to his dinner, found his bride lying in the darkened parlor on a lounge, her face buried in the pillow. She shrank away as he touched her, as if his fingers were hot irons, and never looked up as she answered him. It was only a bad headache. The darkness, solitude, and a cup of tea, by-and-by would cure her. He was to go and take his dinner, and let her alone.

Mr. Foster took his dinner philosophically enough. And, lying face downward on her sofa, in the dusky gloom of the dying fire, Ruth listened to the dismal November wind howling and wailing around the house like a despairing spirit, with but one cry in her heart, "Too late! too late!" If she had but waited four poor weeks longer, how blest her whole life might have been! And now it was too late! She had thought him dead or false—she had thought the old love had died out. And now, when all was over, and she had lost him for ever, through her own fault, she knew how madly, and passionately, and wickedly she loved him still.

Ruth's headache was very obstinate. It kept her in the house all that week, and prevented her from seeing visitors. Even when Mr. Harry Newton called, the servant told him Mrs. Foster was too ill to see any one; and how was he to know what it had cost her to send that message? But Sunday came, and Mr. and Mrs. Foster went to church; and right opposite them, beside her cousin Lena, sat Harry Newton. She knew he was there almost before she saw him, and she had only dared to look once—only once; but that once was enough to show her that the dear face was ten times handsomer than ever—enough to show her his look of stern reproach for herself, and his disdainful glance at the man by her side. The service and the sermon were all thrown away on Mrs. Foster that morning. She never lifted her eyes from her book; but she neither saw a word there, nor heard a syllable of what the preacher said. "Too late! too late!" the passionate cry of her despairing heart was all she could hear; that beloved face, that it was sinful to love now, all she could see.

They met at last. In the porch of the church, where his old friends were crowding around to welcome him back, Harry Newton stopped her, with outstretched hand.

"For the sake of old times, Mrs. Foster," he said, "you might shake hands."

There were so many malicious eyes upon her, remembering those old times, that she gave him her gloved fingers, murmured a few brief words of welcome, and introduced him to her husband. Mr. Newton bowed, with cold politeness, and Mr. Foster, who never had anything to say to strangers, drew his wife's arm within his own, and led her away.

That evening, Mr. Newton called, with Cousin Lena. They found the newly-married pair keeping the width of the room between them unsocially enough—he, in an arm-chair by the fire, reading a Sunday paper; she, at the table, bending over a book. The color flashed into her white face, and receded again, at sight of him; but he was shaking hands with Mr. Foster, and did not look at her.

"The light from your windows, here, looked so pleasantly genial, Mr. Foster," he was saying, in his easy way, "that there was no resisting it. Lena persisted she must come in, and get thawed out. So here we are. I hope we don't intrude."

He glanced, with a slight smile, from the paper to the book, and all Ruth's shame and despair were in her colorless face.

"How pale you look, Ruth!" Lena cried. "She isn't much like the rosy Ruth you knew three years ago, Harry, is she? And she is as sober as a judge, too, with a face as long and as solemn as any owl's. I shall never get married, in the world, if it is going to make me such an old granny all at once as Ruth!"

Was it marriage, or the man she had married, that had transformed her? Harry asked himself the question, and felt that if he wished for vengeance with all the vindictiveness of an Indian or a Corsican, he had it. He sat down beside her, and tried to make her talk, as they had used to talk, long, long ago—of books, and art, and music, and foreign lands and all the old things that had been so delicious. It was hard, at first, to win from her more than monosyllables; but Harry Newton was not to be resisted, and presently she was the Ruth of other days. Mr. Foster, to whom this conversation was all Greek, lay back in his chair, and snored audibly, and Lena yawned behind a novel, and got fidgety at last, and insisted on going home.

"What talkers you two are!" she said, "and all about things no one else understands. You have set Mr. Foster asleep, and me too, nearly. Ruth, come to tea, to-morrow evening. Hugh will come, too, and Harry is to be there."

"You will not fail to come," Mr. Newton said, retaining her hand one instant, and mesmerizing her with his blue eyes.

She would have refused—she had sense enough to know her danger—but her husband had woke up, and was accepting for both.

"Oh, yes, we'll go, Mr. Newton," he said, "and you must come and spend the next evening with us."

So fate willed it, and Ruth went with her husband. They found Harry Newton smoking a cigar, and pacing up and down the garden walks, among the dead leaves, as they opened the gate. He flung away his cigar, and advanced to meet them, as he used to advance, with that same bright smile, in the dear old days.

"At last!" he said. "I thought you were not coming at all, Mrs. Foster."

She heard the bitterness in his tone, but she would not look at him. She was so utterly wretched, so hopelessly miserable, so dreadfully afraid of her own cowardly, rebellious heart, that she dared not look up.

Mr. Newton led them into the house, and took a seat beside her on the sofa. The contrast between the two men was so great—between her handsome young lover, who talked so brilliantly, and was the life of the company, and the dull, middle-aged man, who gazed at him vacantly, and had nothing to say. Ruth clenched her hands in pale desperation, and looked out through the window at the darkening river flowing calmly along, and knew, for the first time, the degree of mad wretchedness that drives women to hide their misery in such places.

It is said that the greatest misery of lost souls is the knowledge that they have lost heaven through their own fault. It was Ruth Foster's greatest misery now—her happiness had been her own work from first to last. She was thinking this later in the evening, as she stood in the moonlit porch, looking up at the cold November moon sailing through banks of ragged black clouds. She was thinking it with a bitterness of heart, that was like the bitterness of death, when some one stood beside her—some one whom she had no cause to look at, to know.

"Ruth," was his reproachful cry, "why did you not wait? You have made us both miserable for life, but my misery is nothing to yours. There is despair in your face, now. Oh, Ruth, Ruth, what have you done?"

"Do you want to drive me mad?" she cried out, in passionate desperation. "Go, and leave me, Harry! Go, or I shall die!"

"I will not leave you! I cannot leave you!" he said, vehemently. "Ruth, Ruth! leave this man whom you abhor, and fly with me, whom you love. We may be happy yet, for——"

But she would not wait for him to finish. The parlor door was opening, her husband was coming to take her home. With a cry, she started, and fled toward him—fled for more than life—from herself!

"What's the matter with you?" Mr. Foster asked; but Ruth could not tell him. She could only cling to his arm, and cry out to be taken home, until her stolid liege lord began to think his wife had lost her senses.

Hugh Foster took his wife home, and for three long months after she never left it. The hidden agony she had suffered—the dark despair, and the scene of that night, combined to prostrate her, body and mind. She was raving before morning in the delirium of fever, and while gloomy November wailed itself out, and the snows of December and January blew, she tossed in her darkened room, only praying that death would end it all. But death, that flies from the wretched and seeks out the happy, passed on without a victim, and Ruth took up the burden of life again, with a better prayer in her heart—a prayer for patience.

* * * * * * *

Eight years after, in widow's weeds, Ruth Foster sat at her fireside one night, alone, thinking. She was thinking of the past. She could think of it without self reproach, for she had been a true and faithful wife to the man she had never loved, and he had passed out of life with her hand clasped in his. She had not been happy, but she had been patient and true; and to-day her reward had come. A letter from one she had not seen for eight years—from one who had been a wanderer over the earth, and who had come back to her as faithful to her memory as she had been to the husband she had never loved!

While she sat, there was a knock at the door that made her heart bound. The next instant, a tall, distinguished-looking man stood before her in the doorway.

"Ruth," he said, advancing, "am I forgiven?"

She held out both her hands, with a face full of infinite love.

"Dear Harry," she said, "we are to be happy at last?"

Happy at last! Yes, she had been faithful, and she had found her reward.

DIFFIDENCE, OR BASHFULNESS.

We receive a great many letters from persons who complain that they suffer extremely in consequence of diffidence, or bashfulness, which they have found it impossible to overcome. Most of these letters are from young men; but some of the writers are middle-aged. We receive very few indeed from ladies, either old or young. We have given some attention to the subject, and are satisfied that diffidence is much more common than is generally supposed. Many people, it is probable, have suffered from it all their lives, and yet have never spoken of the embarrassment which it has occasioned them to any one.

The question which is constantly addressed to us is, whether there is any cure for it? The answer is, that in most cases, perhaps in all, it may be overcome gradually, in a greater or less degree, and usually almost entirely. Sometimes we believe that it arises principally from ill health. When the body is not strong, the spirits are apt to be weak, irresolute, timid and retiring. In such cases the first thing to be attended to is the general improvement of the health. The cause which we have mentioned, however, is by no means the only one. Some persons are born to diffidence. It is hereditary, and runs in the blood of families.

Free and familiar association with cheerful companions, especially of one's own age, is one of the most effective remedies for constitutional diffidence; while at the same time young people are often rendered more diffident by coming in daily contact with rough, assuming, and arrogant natures. Respect and confidence manifested towards persons beget confidence in those for whom they are shown; while brow-beating from stronger nature inspires self-distrust, which is another name for diffidence. A resolute and persevering will to overcome diffidence works in this, as in almost everything else, powerfully. Self-confidence—self-reliance—can be cultivated. Think beforehand just what you wish to do, just how you wish to act, and never permit yourself to falter. You will be surprised that your diffidence could be overcome so easily; and after a while, that you should ever have experienced such a feeling.

LOVING AND FALLING IN LOVE.—Nothing is indeed so common in this world as falling in love; yet it is not quite so common to love. The one is the flower that may bloom and wither in a night; the other is the rich fruit from the flower, than can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more. When feverish anxieties have passed away; when "hopes and fears that kindle hope" have ceased; when selfish jealousies and lovers' quarrels are buried; when "honeymoons" are long forgotten, and the snowy brow has become wrinkled, and the eye lost its moisture—then does love, worthy of the name, become the inmate of the heart and home—love, pure, noble, devoted, self-sacrificing, seeking not its own but the happiness of its beloved object—a love such as youth never dreamed of or realized.

IF some are refined, like gold, in the furnace of affliction, there are many more that, like chaff, are consumed in it. Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervor from piety, vigor from action, health from the body, light from the reason, and repose from the conscience.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—There are some rude spirits in the world whose bolder nature female influence admirably serves to refine and temper; and perhaps it is not extreme eulogium of the poet—that without that influence many a man had been "a brute indeed?"

FRIENDSHIP is the cordial of life, the lenitive of our sorrows and the multiplier of our joys; the source equally of animation and of repose.

MEN are too prone to view their own errors and failings with indulgence, whilst they visit those of others with unsparing reprehension.

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNKEL, No. 259 N. Ninth st., Phila. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oct25-3m

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The Old Story.
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Boudoir—Fashion Notes and Queries.
Capturing a Convict.
Good Nature.
Who Use Long Words.
Correspondents' Bureau. Answers to all Inquirers.

NEXT WEEK!

We shall present our readers with the opening Chapters of one of the finest serials published, entitled:

DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER

OR,

THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHINIA R. CHARNOCK.

The history of the world contains no more thrilling episode than that of the Sepoy Insurrection in India, in 1857, and among the most wonderful occurrences are those which cluster around

THE SIEGE OF CAWNPOOR.

Many dark pages stain the history of those dreadful days; and the wildest flights of the novelist cannot exceed the authenticated incidents that marked the struggle of Great Britain to retain her supremacy in India.

DOWLAH, THE SNAKE CHARMER,

is a master-piece of portraiture which will hold the reader's interest from beginning to end. The *Snake Charmer* is one of those strange characters that are only found in that mysterious country—cunning unfathomable, and relentless as the native tiger of the jungles.

Captain Ned Livingston, the hero, is a young American, who becomes involved in the very vortex of the rebellion, in his efforts to save his betrothed, Cora Wilson, from the merciless Sepoys. Her experience is of the most thrilling nature. Her journey through the rebellious district to Cawnpoor is marked by peril at every step, and the picture of the scenes in the city during the memorable siege; the portrait of

NANA SAHIB,

the arch fiend of the insurrection, whose life reads like the wildest romance;

The Massacre at Cawnpoor,
The Miraculous Escape,
The Struggle in the City,
The Final Victory,

All these are drawn with a master-hand, and woven in with these accurate historical descriptions, are the adventures of the characters in whom our readers will feel the deepest interest from first to last.

DEAD YEARS.

BY GLEN CAROL.

Three hundred and sixty-five days in every fleeting year, and how much of sunshine, how much of shadow is crowded into each and every one of them! Never quite a clear record for any one day—never one quite clouded.

Within that land far distant, whose shores are lapped by a river deep and wide, lie heaped the wrecks of all our dead years ago—so vast a funeral pile that its summit seems to rise almost unto the stars—a desolate, desolate land, unkissed by spring's soft breath, bereft of summer's warmth and glow. Never peers bud or blossom from those wastes of thrice bleached sand—never upwells a spring, nor gleams an oasis. Love's whisper is not heard, nor hate's savage murmur—the sound of weeping breaks not through the heavy air, nor echoes of shrillest laughter reach those wave-washed shores! Life's joys and sorrows abide not here, where life is not. All unbroken is the silence, save by the ceaseless flowing and fretting of that mighty river. Death revels here, amid his own. Here, strewn full thick and deep, lie the ashes of hopes that came not to fruition—here, joys that perished at their birth lie coffined—and here, lurid and smouldering, 'mid the ruins of broken faith and trust, glow the last embers of a love ill-fated! O! land, so drear, so desolate, thou holdest our dearest treasures. What though they be but shadows! Are they not all our own? The present fails us, and the future's paths are dim, but ever unto thee we turn, dear land that still is ours—that keepest for us safely, faithfully, all that was most precious!

Sweep from us, Life, all else save these—leave us the memories of the dear, dead years!

ONCE A WEEK.

BY A. BALDWIN.

When soft winds whisper, 'mid the leafy trees,
Of summer's coming, with its birds and flow'rs,
And there is fragrance on the passing breeze,
And brightest sunshine stealing through green bowers,
Who would not leave the noisome town, and seek
A quiet woodland stroll just once a week?

The shop is dingy, but the fields are green;
The ledgers thumbed and worn with flight of years;
But flow'rs are fresh when fall the dews at e'en
On buds and blossoms glist'ning like joy-tears;
And fields and flow'rs are monitors that speak
To toil-worn hearts, good words, just once a week.

Though poor, the birds that warble in the shade
Have songs for you as for the titled lord;
And winds that dally with the tenderest blade
Will kiss your sunburnt brow with care-lines scored,
And lure you from the cot or garret bleak
To wander where you will, just once a week.

O, brothers! pent up from the dawn of day
Till night's shades steal across the busy town,
When the week's toil is over, hie away,
With wives and sweethearts, where the heather brown
Woos the gay bee, that health may brown the cheek,
And beauty glad the heart, just once a week.

THE GOOD-BYE KISS.

BY M. E. SIMMONDS.

"George—George!"

"Well; what's wanting now?"

The young husband turned back the door-knob, and there was impatience in his tone and annoyance on his brow, as he answered his wife's call.

"Nothing, papa, only baby and I just want to kiss you good-bye," and she came toward him, the little graceful, sweet-voiced woman, with her baby in her arms, and held up the small soft face to his cheeks, and the little one crowed, and thrust up its dimpled hands, and clutched the short thick locks triumphantly.

"Oh, baby, you rogue! you'd like to pull out a handful of papa's hair, wouldn't you now?" laughed the merchant, in a tone so unlike his former one that you would not have recognized it; and he leaned down and kissed the small fragrant lips over and over.

"Now, it's my turn, papa," and Mrs. Williams smoothed away the rumpled hair, and kissed her husband's forehead; and as he went out of the house that morning a new softness and peace had erased the troubled look from the man's face.

And that day it was appointed to George Williams to pass through a sharp and fearful temptation.

He was in the midst of a commercial crisis, and several of his heaviest debtors had failed that week, and now a payment of ten thousand dollars was due, and there was no way to raise this sum, unless——

He held the pen irresolutely in his sinking hand. The veins were swollen into great blue cords on his forehead, and the breath came thick and fast betwixt his hot lips; a few scrawls of that pen, a solitary name at the bottom, and the young merchant could secure the ten thousand dollars, and his business credit would be safe. There was no sort of doubt, too, but he could raise the money within a few days, and thus secure himself from all discovery, and the pressing circumstances of the case certainly allowed some limits in financiering.

So whispered the tempter, as he walked up and down the soul of George Williams, always softening down the word forgery into some false name, which totally changed to his perceptions the moral complexion of the deed he was about to commit.

The young merchant's eyes glared all around the office, but there was none to see him then. He dipped his pen with a kind of desperate eagerness into the tall porcelain inkstand, and he drew it along the paper, when, suddenly, his hand paused, struck by a thought—the memory of his wife's kiss that morning.

He saw her as he saw her last, standing in the door, the baby in her arms, her sweet face full of motherly tenderness and wifely trust, as she lifted it to him in parting. The voice of the tempter passed away before that rush of holier emotion which blurred the man's eyes. He dashed down the pen.

"Mary! Mary! you have saved your husband; sink or swim I will not do this deed; I should blush for shame to meet your eyes and our baby's to-night, if I carried the burning consciousness in my own soul, though no other man ever did or would. Mary, my little wife, you won't know it, but that good-bye kiss of yours this morning has saved your husband from this great sin!"

George Williams did not sink. It was a hard struggle, but the storm passed by without falling on him as it did on many others; and Mary, his wife, never knew that she had saved her husband from a sin which, in her eyes, would have been worse than death.

The good which we have done we shall know, "not here, but hereafter," and the best and truest lives are those which strew all the years with the sweet aromas of loving and self-sacrificing deeds.

As the water-lilies take root and grow silently amid the slime and mud in the low waters, until in the midsummer they open their creamy vases to the soft persuasions of the sunshine, and lie in snowy flotillas on the bosoms of the streams, the glory and idealization of all flowers, so amid the lowlands of life, among its shadows and mists, have we also to sow day by day our small seeds of gentle and generous deeds, not knowing when they take root, or expecting to behold their unfolding into blossoms on the river of time.

Oh, ye who sigh to set your lives within the arabesques of great and noble deeds, who pant for broader horizons, and higher opportunities, God has appointed you a work where you are!

Every day lifts up its white chalice out of the night, and is held down to you through all its solemn, silent-footed hours, for those small labors of love whose true significance and relations we shall only understand in eternity.

And in this small daily labor lies much of woman's work, and her sweet home influences fall like the sunshine and the evening dew upon the characters around her.

She may little comprehend what a silent force of healing, restraining, strengthening influence she is exerting, and periods of unrest and despondency may fill many hours with shadows, which would be illuminated with joy and thanksgiving, if she could only "know as she is known."

But the pictures of all lives are locked up in the eternal gallery, and the angels hold the keys, and when God's voice speaks the word the door shall be opened, and when we go in we shall all "behold" and understand.

DIED POOR.

BY E. B.

"It was a sad funeral for me," said the speaker; "the saddest one I have attended for many years."

"That of Edmondson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle in the world, and at a disadvantage to him. Fortune mocked all the while with golden promises, none of which were realized."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a lamb—enduring as a martyr," was the reply. "Poor man! he was worthy a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"He did not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

"No, sir; he died poor, as I have just said. Nothing that he ever put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and I thought he died rich."

"No, he left nothing behind," was the reply. "The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds, done in the name of humanity," said another.

"And precious examples," said a third.

"Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildered path," was the testimony of another.

"And high truth, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich," was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, a miserable pauper in all but gold.

"A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession. Not a burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant upon the translation of an angel. Did he not succeed? Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came out victor, and now the victor's crown is upon his brow.

"Any grasping, soulless man, with a share of brains, may gather in money, and learn the art of keeping it; but not one in a hundred can bravely conquer in the battle of life as Edmondson has done, and step out from the ranks of men a moral hero."

THE LANGUAGE OF FISHES.

The Use Made by the Finny Tribe of Their Vocal Organs.

There is something truly romantic in the moaning of the grand old sea. Its voice comes to us in muffled notes, as if trying to burst from itself, now with a huge roar, and again dying away up the long line of white sand in a low, murmuring sigh, which seems to say good-bye, until its fellow comes thundering on, bringing new tidings from the "dark unfathomed caves," and throwing its tears of spray at your feet. But these are not the only sounds that come up from the sea. Musical notes are often heard that in olden time were credited to the "siren's harp." They come to us in low, sweet notes, burdened with a hidden meaning, swelling on each rise, and finally bursting from the deep in a chorus of rich sounds and harmonies.

These peculiar marine serenades were for years regarded with superstitious awe by the toilers of the sea. By some they were taken as signs of good luck, and by others, of the old school and Marryatt class, as the songs of the vast crews of the dead who roamed the sea in their phantom crafts that appeared to their living comrades at dark moments and in weird form, an ominous foreboding of speedy ill-fortune, and so these strange notes were traced to different origins, until some curious individual threw the blame of all the disturbance upon the fish family, and then it became known that they, having mouths, spoke after their fashion, and so our sirens and mermaids passed away. Their fair forms are no longer seen reclining on the mossy shore. Their sweet voices have been superseded by the croak of the unoffending Pisces, and the well-known lines,

"In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,"

have lost their romance. Alas, for the advance of time, as with every throb our old and well-loved legends slip away, and disappear in the dim distance of the past.

A noted fishy vocalist is found in the *Ancient Scarus*, which was noted for the powers of its vocal organs. Pliny embalmed it in verse as the king of fishes, and Ovid and Ossian have also sung its praise in song. Seleucus stated, with all good faith, that it was the only fish that ever slept, and Ælian bestowed upon it the honor of being the best beloved by its fellows. Wonderful tales are told of its powers of intonation, and, although it was in great demand for the table, the men were loth to take it in consequence of the wails and moans it gave vent to when captured. At other times, when free, its voice rose from the sea clear as a bell, and ravishing in the sweetness of its melody.

The well known gurnards are noted far and wide for the strange sounds they produce, and as yet the peculiar mechanism has not been clearly demonstrated. At times the sound is not unpleasant, and at others it resembles the barking of a dog or the grating of two rough substances. This may be the case in some species, but I have held a fish found in the Southern waters, and similar to our perch, in my hand, and listened to the sounds, and they seemed to be produced by a movement of the jaws or throat, as the lips and mouth protruded at every sound it uttered; but it is not unlikely that they are produced by grinding the teeth with a quick motion in trying to escape. On the Jersey coast the *Prionotus pilatus* is called the pig or hog fish, on account of its continual barking, as it is drawn in by the net; and in almost every section of the country we find these localisms all tending to represent the vocal tastes of the finny population.

Strange sounds are often heard also rising from the waters of our own coasts that would be apt to astonish the superstitious listener if he were not acquainted with the unoffending cause of all the disturbance. Sometimes it rises in the air like the bang of a huge drum, and again seems to steal over the waves with a low, murmuring wail; and if you were to place your ear close to the surface, the strange sounds would appear to come from five or six different places. Seamen are often startled by the "boom, boom," that seems to steal over the vessel, seeming to their ears more like the drum of some long-lost crew than the voice of an insignificant member of the family of fishes. For such it is, and well known as the bearded drum fish. But how it produces the queer musical notes is a something that it would be well for our "fish commission" to discover this summer on the Sound.

Still another faithful satellite of Euterpe is found in the noisy maigre. It makes a strange cooing moan, accompanied by a sharp croak that can be heard at a depth of 150 feet. The fish attains a length of about six feet, and weighs forty pounds. What these sounds are for, we know not, but, on the principle that all things are for some particular purpose, they must have a meaning. That the imperfect voice of the fish is used to express discontent and pain, I have no doubt, as, in numerous experiments on a fish found in the Gulf of Mexico, called the grunt, I found that the voice was used and modulated as with other animals. When touched with the knife the grunts that it gave vent to fairly rose to a shriek, and when dying its moans and sobs were almost disagreeably human.

I shall never forget the first one of these veritable porkers that I caught. Thinking that my bait needed replenishing, I hauled in, and found nicely hooked a grunt, and no sooner had I placed him in the boat than he commenced a series of grunts and sobs that bid fair to take me by storm. Now he would make a low noise, and gradually swell the "melody," and finally hurl at me such a blast of outreaties, all of which were produced without a struggle, that my better nature was aroused, and I made haste to toss him back, and as he disappeared he uttered a squeak which, together with the splash, sounded to me like a *bona fide* "thank you," and I have no doubt but what it was.

Baron Humboldt mentions an occurrence which he witnessed in the South Sea. "About seven o'clock in the evening the sailors were terrified by an extraordinary noise in the air like the beating of tamborines, followed by sounds that seemed to come from the ship, and resembled the escape of air from boiling liquid."

Many other instances could be called up to prove that fishes use their vocal organs to some purpose, but the above only serve to show that they have a well defined voice, and that it is capable of modulation.

DON'T FRET.

Don't fret! All nature is opposed to fretting. The stars are bright above us, and the flowers beautiful beneath us, to gladden us with their brightness and beauty. With all the varied appointments of the natural world, and they are manifold, to minister to our joy and comfort, what else than an ingrate to heaven is the person who corrodes his or her life with fretful cares and consuming anxieties? Every flower that blooms, every stream that ripples, every bird that sings, enters its protest, and pronounces against the monstrous ingratitude of such a character. And yet thousands, with God's bright, smiling heavens over their heads, pass their days in fretting over the little troubles and annoyances of life. With so many things in the world to yield them enjoyment, and with so little to take away from their happiness, they are, nevertheless, wretched and miserable from the mere habit of fretting. Life has its trials and disappointments, it is true; but what are those compared to its manifold blessings?

All reason, all philosophy is against fretting. If adversities and disappointments come, they come in the order of a kind Providence, and we should bear them. They spring not from the ground; but have a kindly, heaven-sent mission to us. And if we may not conquer them—and what may not be conquered by a brave spirit and noble action?—we can, at least, endure them. Like the oak of the forest, or the flower of the field, we can bend before the storm, and be all the stronger and nobler for it. Storms are not the general order of the natural world; they come only over and anon. So with the real trials of life; they come only now and then, and, when they do come, we should meet them with patience and philosophy.

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

In this great world of sunshine and shadow, we are constantly casting shadows on those around us, and receiving shadows from them in return. There is no pathway in life which is not sometimes in the shade, and there is no one who walks over these paths, it matters not which way they tend, who does not, now and then, cast his shadows with the rest. How often do we, by a mere thoughtless word or careless act, cast a shadow on some heart which is longing for sunlight. How often does the husband, by a cold greeting, cast a gloom over the happy, trusting face of his young wife, who, it may be, has awaited anxiously for the first sound of his footsteps to give a joyous welcome to his home. How often has the parent, by a harsh reproof, chilled the ever-flowing spring of confidence and love which is bubbling up from the fountains of the heart of the innocent prattler at his knee. How often are the bright rays of hope torn from the clinging grasps of the souls of those worn out by poverty and the never ending conflict of life, by the stinging ridicule or the sordid avarice of those whom the world honors—aye, loves to honor. How often does the child—even after it has grown to the full bloom of manhood, and is clad in garments of strength and beauty—bring sorrow to the parent already tottering on the brink of eternity. Then beware, lest you cast a deeper shadow over those which are already darkening his happiness. The shadows we cast—can we escape them? Can we look back as we walk on in life's journey, and see no shadowy marks about our footprints?

The Duties of Youth.—The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks, can never be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no more comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good.

A REVERIE ABOUT FAIRIES.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

A philosopher has well said that a boy becomes a man when he wears a coat. However, manhood cannot be co-extensive with such a common, though indispensable, article of attire. Another property comes into play. As soon as a child forgets fairies and the whole legion of goblins, fays and sprites, he is surely veering towards manhood.

But what an infinitude of fancies and worlds do fairies awaken! Our path through life becomes interspersed with green, sunny spots, towards which we wistfully look. All inequalities are smoothed, and curling streams bathe the world in loveliness. Dripping naiads float over the waters in tiny shells. We live, we dream in fairyland. Years pass like a day. We become unconscious of the flight of ages. We see no sombre shades in our tints of gold and red. Poetry fills the air. Hoary legends, phœnix-like, rise from their tomb, and with joyful rhythm the oars rise and fall as we skim the surface of time.

Once we believed in fairies—the genuine creed. We never walked through the fragrant fields but we expected to see them spring up from the sod. We never looked at the bright blossoms but hoped to see little princes and princesses, clothed in gorgeous finery, like snowballs on each dewy petal, and politely bowing to us as the wind softly swayed the transparent leaves. A golden-hued butterfly became in our eyes metamorphosed into a fairy queen, and we would swiftly follow her in all her meanderings among the cowslip and daisy. At every misdeed of our childhood, dreadful ogres and witches used to assail us out of every comfort. How firm the child's faith; how weak the man's! Though we never had the bliss to see fairies, we yet implicitly believed in their existence. But as we became older, and age ruined fancy, our infantile ideas grew more vague; and now, with the decay of our innocence, we are rather doubtful on that point. Fairies are myths, we sometimes think; particularly when their presence would greatly aid us, and they are not forthcoming. But our scepticism is only skin-deep. More frequently, we are glad to say, the old spirit creepeth out. Youth re-asserts its power, and age cowers in its sight. Often we read a little fairy-book, until we close its time-worn pages in an infinite delight. We fancy a fairy in robes of gossamer on every zephyr that sails so smoothly through the sky. In the golden sunset, we can see the sparkle and hear the rustling of elfins' wings. The sighing of the wind seems to us the murmuring of the midsummer fairies as they sweep away to sunnier climes. In the storm-cloud are seated fairies and harpies. In every brave, noble deed, we see fairies floating, whose beating wings, unseen and unheard, ward off temptation and sin!

GRAY EYES.

The gray eye is peculiarly the eye of woman. And here we meet with a variety enough to puzzle Solomon himself. We will pass over in silence the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold, and the wild gray eye; every one has seen them—too often, perhaps. But then, again, there are some beautiful enough to drive one wild, and it is only them which we mean. There is the dark, sleepy, almond-shaped gray eye, with long black lashes—it goes with the rarest face on earth—that sultana-like beauty of jet black hair, and a complexion that is neither dark nor fair—almost a cream color, if the truth must be told—and soft and rich as the leaf of the calla Ethiopia itself.

Directly opposed to this is the calm, clear gray eye—the eye that reasons, when this only feels. It looks you quietly in the face; it views you kindly, but, alas, dispassionately; passion rarely lights it, and love takes the steady blaze of friendship, when he tries to hide within. The owner of that eye is upright, conscientious and pitying his fellow men, even while at a loss to understand their vagaries. It is the eye for a kind and considerate physician, for a conscientious lawyer (if such a man there be), for a worthy village pastor, for a friend as faithful as any poor human being can be.

Last of the gray eyes comes the most mischievous; a soft eye, with a large pupil, that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought, or a flash of feeling; an eye that laughs, that sighs almost, that has its sunlight, its twilight, its moonbeams, and its storms; a wonderful eye, that wins you whether you will or not, and holds you even after it has cast you off. No matter whether the face be fair or not—no matter if features are irregular and complexion varying, the eye holds you captive, and then laughs at your very chains.

NICE DISCRIMINATION.

"I like a nice flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier,
With music to fill up the pauses,
And nobody very near."

Very likely!—but it isn't good for you, and it's bad for the girl, too. Not that a little genuine coquetry is unlawful; by no means. Coquetry and flirtation is as different as diamonds and paste. "Coquetry (says Ike Marvel—a marvellous good judge of the matter), is natural and becoming to a woman, while flirtation is false and deceitful, and never came of a true heart." The distinction is worth making, for it is founded in a positive difference. Coquetry is but a piquant form of maiden modesty. It is sly, bashful and cautious; hinting a love which it is not bold enough to avow; and teasing a lover whom it dare not caress. But flirtation is a delusion and a fraud from beginning to end. It is born of vanity, nursed by pride, and usually dies of mortification. It is a game in which both players cheat, and both invariably lose. Of course it is not worth the candle. Worst of all, like "the illicit love," to which it often leads,

"It hardens all within, and petrifies the feeling."

Therefore, leave flirting to people already *blasé* with their own vices; and keep your heart open for the true love that shall yet be its welcome guest.

Man is but a reed, and the weakest in nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him; a breath of air, a drop of water, will kill him.

Our most indifferent actions have the impress of individuality; we may convey an impression not to be effaced for years by an unconsidered word or gesture.

News of Interest

Powdered meerschaum is now used by ladies as a cosmetic.

In the Canton of Unterwald, Switzerland, all smokers and snuff-takers under eighteen years of age are punished by fine.

The longest uncompounded word in the English language is "Honorificabilitudinity," having twenty-two letters and eleven syllables.

Here is a Japanese recipe for keeping meat fresh in hot weather: "Place it in a clean porcelain bowl, and pour very hot water over it so as to cover it. Then pour oil upon the water. The air is thus quite excluded and the meat preserved."

The newest touch in sentimental suicide is that of a susceptible young Frenchman, who, seeing the dead body of a very beautiful woman displayed at the Paris Morgue, went and killed himself, first writing a letter stating that he committed the act in order to have his cadaver put on the next slab to hers. What a double-distilled fool.

The new comet discovered at Marseilles a few days ago by M. Borelli is a very insignificant affair. It has no tail—and a comet without a tail is of no more importance than a tail without a comet. It moves at the rate of one degree per day—and perhaps this is fast enough for a comet to move that has no nucleus. If this is the best M. Borelli can do in the way of discovering comets, he had better embark in some other business.

There is generally a fashion in most things, and just now the particular fashion in wedding presents leads towards fine old lace and Dresden china. Among the latter are dainty candelabra, vases, groups of figures, mirrors set in china frames, card dishes, candlesticks, flower baskets, etc. In china, generally, there are dinner, tea and dessert sets, harlequin cups and treasures in majolica ware so very stylish now, such as strawberry dishes, oyster dishes, cheese dishes, beer jugs, surrounded by quaint old mottoes; shells for flowers, card dishes, vases, etc.

A riding-school has been started in Vienna, in which the smooth English saddle with stirrups is allowed, but no bridles; the latter are strapped down to the saddle, and ladies and youngsters may be seen going through all the paces and evolutions in that novel manner. It is an invention of Count Dionyse Sechenyi, who, himself an excellent horseman and sportsman, has by long experience come to the conclusion that with most riders the bridle is used less to guide the horse than to steady the seat, and that, therefore, the seat ought to be perfectly firm and steady before the bridle should be allowed to be even touched by the beginner.

We condense from a long account recently published a notice of some of those comets which in old times with fear of change perplexed the nations. We find these celestial visitors to have come within human vision one hundred and thirty years before Christ, and in Anno Domini 248, 324 and 399. One European emperor is said to have resigned his throne in consequence of the supposed warning of a comet; and a king of France was so terrified by one that he founded monasteries and convents in all parts of his dominion as a propitiation of offended wrath. At the time of Halley's comet of 1466, Pope Calixtus III. ordered all the church bells in Christendom to be rung, to avert evil spirits. Everywhere on the earth's surface, down to the period of Sir Isaac Newton, comets were a source of apprehension and fear, and even in our own day a great many very excellent people have been terrified by the idea of a collision with the earth—an occurrence which, if it did happen, would not have the smallest effect upon either.

An Intelligent Sheep Dog.—An instance of extraordinary intelligence in a dog is given by a correspondent of *Land and Water*. The gentleman who witnessed the event was a short time since on a visit to Scotland, and during one of his walks he came across some men who were washing sheep. Close to the water where the operations were being carried on was a small pen, in which a detachment of ten sheep were placed handy to the men for washing. While watching the performance his attention was called to a sheep dog lying down close by. This animal, on the pen becoming nearly empty, without a word from any one, started off to the main body of the flock and brought back ten of their number, and drove them into the empty washing pens. The fact of the dog bringing exactly the same number of sheep as had vacated it he looked upon at first as a strange coincidence—a mere chance. But he continued looking on, and, much to his surprise, as soon as the men had reduced the number to three sheep, the dog started off again and brought back ten more; and so he continued throughout the afternoon, never bringing one more nor one less, and always going for a fresh lot when only three were left in the pen, evidently being aware that during the time the last three were washing he would be able to bring up a fresh detachment.

The mania for meerschaum pipes, though perhaps not so prevalent now as formerly, has produced not a few pipomaniacs the world over. A New York gentleman, for instance, has a collection of some four hundred meerschaums, all beautifully colored. This is rather an expensive taste, however, for besides the first cost of the pipes, he has to keep two men continually employed, whose sole duty is to smoke and keep the four hundred pipes in order. One of the greatest pipe-fanciers in the world, Major General Raffalovich, of the Russian army, is now in this country. He has a collection of more than six hundred pipes. Since he has been in this country he has purchased a number of meerschaums, and there is now in the hands of one of the most prominent manufacturers in New York a magnificent meerschaum pipe made to his order. The bowl forms the bust of a very beautiful woman, and is a correct likeness of the general's wife, taken from life. The stem and mouth-piece are of amber, fifteen inches long. The whole cost $150. This pipe will be taken to Europe as a curiosity, for it seems that Gen. Raffalovich had an idea that such things could not be made in this country. He is now traveling in the West, and will doubtless enrich his collection by adding to it some of the celebrated calumets, made of the famous red pipe-stone by the Indians.

LITTLE GLUCK OF TREASURE VALLEY;

OR,

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

BY J. RUSKIN.

[Commenced in No. 1, Volume 84.]

CHAPTER IX.

LITTLE GLUCK'S EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER.

When little Gluck found that Schwartz, like Hans, did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money and was obliged to hire himself again to a cross old goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little pay for his labor. So after a month or two, little Gluck grew tired, and thinking that his brothers might have met with good fortune in their visit, he concluded also to set out for the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought little Gluck; "I don't think he will treat me so very badly." So he went to the priest who had known him ever since he was born, and asked for and obtained some holy water. Then little Gluck took some bread in his basket and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises he heard. He lay a long time to rest, after he was over, and began to climb the steep hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink, like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path just above him, looking very weary and feeble, and leaning heavily on his staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst. O! give me some water."

Then little Gluck looked at him, and saw that he was very pale and faint, and he gave him the water.

"Only pray please drink but little," said little Gluck, "as 'tis all I have."

But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and little Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass seemed to spring up out of the very rocks, and some grasshoppers began singing, and little Gluck thought he had never heard such singing.

On he went for another hour, and the thirst again increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink; but as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried piteously for water, water. Little Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear his thirst yet a little longer, and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and jumping up ran down the hill. Little Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. But now there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss and pure white lilies; and crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that little Gluck had never felt so happy in all his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became almost unendurable again; but when he looked at his bottle he saw there was only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. As he was hanging the flask to his belt again he saw a little dog lying on the rocks gasping for breath, just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent.

Little Gluck stopped and looked at the dying dog, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him, and he thought of the dwarf's words, "No one could succeed except in his first attempt," and he tried to pass on, but it whined so piteously and its eyes begged so hard that little Gluck's heart was filled with pity.

"Poor doggie," he said, "it'll be dead when I come down again if I don't help it."

Then he looked closer and closer at it, and the sad eyes turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it.

"Confound the king, and his gold, too," said little Gluck, "I won't let doggie die," and he opened the flask and poured all the water into its mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its nose became very red, its eyes very bright and twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before the astonished little Gluck stood his old acquaintance of the melting-pot, the King of the Golden River!

"Thank you," said the monarch, "but don't be frightened; it's all right," for little Gluck showed manifest signs of consternation at this unhooked-for companion.

"Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh! dear me," said little Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the king, "they threw unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said little Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your majesty, I mean—they got the water from the church."

"Probably they did," replied the king, "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, and never can be blessed or produce a blessing, but the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy and good, and can never be defiled."

CHAPTER X.

HOW LITTLE GLUCK BECAME KING OF TREASURE VALLEY.

The dwarf stooped and plucked a beautiful lily which grew at his feet. On its pure white leaves there hung three drops of clear, crystal dew; and the dwarf shook them into the empty flask which little Gluck held in his hand.

"Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountain into Treasure Valley. Be ye king there, my royal brother, and so farewell, for you'll never see me again. And so good speed."

As he spoke the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The colors of his robe formed themselves into a beautiful mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air, sounds of sweet music floated around, and the King of the Golden River disappeared from sight and was never seen again.

Little Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the summer sun at noon-day. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the beautiful stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the water descended with a musical noise.

Little Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend, the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountain, towards Treasure Valley; and as he went, he thought he heard a noise like water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of Treasure Valley, behold! a great change had taken place; a river, like unto the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing gently over in many streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as little Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang up beside the new streams and creeping vines, and plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river-sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine, and all manner and kinds of beautiful flowers cast lengthening shadows over the valley again.

And little Gluck dwelt long and happily in the valley; and the poor were never driven from his door and the inhabitants called him their king—his barns became full of corn and his house of plenty; Treasure Valley became a garden again and the inheritance, which had been lost by *cruelty* was regained by *love*, and for little Gluck the river had according to promise become indeed a River of Gold.

THE END.

A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.

BY S. H. C.

A curious class of fairies, called the "Wichtelmanner," follow the humble occupation of shoemakers. Once upon a time a cobbler had become so poor, and that without any fault of his own, that there only remained to him as much leather as would make one pair of shoes. He cut them into shape at night, so as to sew them up on the following morning, and then slipped quietly to bed. When he arose early to begin his work, the two shoes stood finished upon the table. He did not know very well what to think of this, but having taken them up in his hand to look at them more closely, he found that the workmanship was a perfect masterpiece.

The pair of shoes sold so well that the cobbler was enabled to buy as much leather as would serve to make two pairs. Having shaped them at night, he again rose early on the following morning, to begin his work with fresh spirit; but he did not need to do this, for the shoes were already made. And this went on day after day, until he was no longer poor, but made a capital thing of it.

One evening, not long before Christmas, the cobbler said to his wife, "What think you to waiting up to-night to see who it is that lends us this helping hand?"

So they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind some clothes, and kept a sharp lookout. At midnight, two neat, naked little fellows sat down at the table, and began to sew and hammer with such speed, that the cobbler, in his admiration, could not keep his eyes off them.

Next morning, the good wife said, "The little men have made us rich, let us show ourselves thankful for this. They run about naked, and must be very cold. I will make shirts, coats and breeches for them."

At night, instead of the regular working materials, they laid the clothes on the table. The little men came as usual, and were greatly surprised that there was no leather for them, and looked at the clothes with delight. They put them on with the greatest liveliness, and danced and hopped about, almost out of their little senses with joy. At last, they danced themselves out of the house. But they never came back again. All things, however, went well with the cobbler during the rest of his life.

ONE drop of water does not make the ocean, nor one grain of sand the land; neither does one puny human being hold in his hand the extent and depth of human influence. Spurn all those who shut their eyes willfully to struggling merit, and who would fain conceal wrong. Do not be discouraged by any ill-timed and inimical slurs upon your character and conduct, but remember that such invidiousness will some time meet its reward.

HOW OVERPOWERING are the mingled murmur, clang, tramp, and rattle of a body of troops, with all their footsteps, horses arms, artillery, and varied voices! How insignificant compared with this uproar the speech of a single mouth! Yet the whisper of one mouth sets in motion and drives on to death and devastation twenty such bodies, comprising, perhaps, a hundred thousand human lives!

JEALOUSY.—No passion more base, nor one which seeks to hide itself more than jealousy. It is ashamed of itself; if it appears, it carries its stain and disgrace on the forehead. We do not wish to acknowledge it to ourselves, it is so ignominious; but hidden and ashamed in the character, we would be confused and disconcerted if it appeared, by which we are convinced of our bad minds and debased courage.

IT will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions, or to have enslaved the world.

IGNORANCE has no light; Error follows a false one.

A REVERIE.

BY "NOBODY."

I'm growing old! Head bald, and eyes dull!
Ambition gone, and vigor null,
Forty-six! *should* be in prime!
Should not grow old till fifty-nine.
But then, the work! the lonesome life!
Mental trouble, and wearying strife!
Work! aye, for fifteen years;
A decade and half of hopes and fears,
For ten more years still sterner labor
Without reward, or praise, or favor.
Lonesome! aye, dull as the grave,
No life, no love that souls should crave!
All dark and dreary; souls apart,
No affection to bind each human heart!
Lonesome! aye, *lonely*, alone portrays
The wearisome passing of unloved days!
While loving; unloved. Not the slightest return
For that wealth of affection they seem never to learn
Is showered upon them; that they may enjoy
The blessings of life, with as little alloy
As this world will allow! Ah! this life they will find
Is a hard one to travel, when they're left behind
To struggle alone! And every morn they will dread
Each daily routine; as it reminds them—He's dead!

THE EBONY CASKET;

OR,

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXX.

IN SEARCH OF THE TRUTH.

Jasper could not think coherently. He stared hard at the house, and did not stir for some time. But he did not see again that pale, malicious face.

Had he been mistaken in thinking he saw it at all? He tried to arouse himself, but only became more deeply perplexed than ever.

If it was really Mrs. Raymond he had seen, then Dora had lied to him. If she had lied to him——

He dared not follow out the train of thought. The wildest of all wild suspicions—suggested he knew not how—were thronging upon his mind.

"Oh, God!" he murmured, "where is Bernice? If they have dared harm one hair of her head, it shall go hard with them."

Why should they seek to injure her? The question caused him to recoil sharply. He suddenly remembered how peculiar was Bernice's history as she related it to him. She had spoken of a family near Yorkville. Was it possible that she had alluded to the Raymonds?

Ah! how blind he had been not to have suspected something wrong long ago.

At this point in his reflection, he suddenly heard a light step come running up over the green grass behind him.

"Hist!" called a soft voice.

Glancing back, he saw one of the maids—a new one at Shrublands, by the way—coming swiftly up and signaling him to stop.

He did so. She reached his side, quite out of breath, and glanced quickly all round before she spoke to him.

"Come in here," and she drew him towards the hedge, where a cluster of wild roses concealed both their figures. "I have something to say to you."

"Speak!" he cried, eagerly.

He saw that she trembled, and was all a quiver with excitement himself.

"I heard what Miss Dora said to you just now," she went on, hurriedly. "I did not mean to listen, but I was folding linen in the next room—the door stood ajar, and I could not help hearing."

"Well?" he said, kindly.

"Oh! sir," clasping her hands and bursting into tears, "it is not well! Something is wrong, up at the house, yonder. I've felt it all along—I shall not stay there many days—I wouldn't for my life. No money would hire me."

Her manner wrought up Jasper almost to a frenzy.

"What have you seen?" he demanded. "Tell me at once; I can't wait."

"It's mostly suspicions, sir; there ain't much to tell. But this much you ought to know. Miss Dora has been lying to you. Her mother is in the house, and has been all the while."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am," gazing wonderingly into his ghastly face. "I saw her, and spoke with her, not an hour ago."

It was true then—and his eyes had not played him false! Mrs. Raymond's was the face he had seen at the window.

This conviction forced a dozen others home upon his mind. Ah, poor Bernice! What were the wretches compelling her to suffer?

"Is that all you have to tell?" he forced himself to ask calmly.

"No. I saw Miss Vance when she went away. She went in a carriage with Miss Dora. I heard Miss Dora ask her to go for a drive; but I'm sure she expected to come back directly. They were scarcely out of sight before my mistress had a horse put into a light buggy and drove after them herself. Now comes the strangest part of the whole story. Miss Dora drove the horse back, all by herself. Mistress we didn't see until the next morning."

"Good God!" moaned Jasper.

"Wait, sir," pursued the maid. "Let me tell you what I heard. It must have been midnight, or past, of the day Miss Vance went away—that was the day before yesterday. I was lying awake in my bed. Suddenly I heard carriage-wheels, and a horse stepping upon the lawn grass. That was unusual, so I got up and looked out—my windows look into the back yard. It was quite dark, but I know there was a carriage stopping before the east wing—the ruinous part of the house, sir, where nobody goes except the ghosts—and that somebody got out and entered a door I had never before seen opened. I heard a woman's voice, too, but very soft and so low I could not catch a word."

Jasper was trying his best to be calm, but his face was deathly looking still.

"Whose voice was it, think you?"

"Mistress'!"

"And you say she was home again the next morning?"

"Yes. But nobody could tell how or when she came."

"What more?"

"That's all, sir. Only I have heard queer noises in that east wing before now. And for God's sake, sir, if you are that poor dear's friend, find out what it all means. Don't let them murder her outright, as I fear they will if she is there."

And with those wild words, and trembling all over as if some fearful horror confronted her, the maid turned, before Jasper could interpose, and fled swiftly back to the house again.

But she had accomplished her mission. She had even put into words suspicions so dark and terrible that the young man shuddered to think of them, and felt his whole soul wrought upon more powerfully than it had ever been before.

He was stunned, bewildered. He wanted time for reflection; so he walked on slowly, down past the avenue gates, into the high road beyond.

Surely, with his brother's sudden, mysterious marriage, and Bernice's disappearance, and the awful suspicions to which it gave rise, he had seen and heard enough to unhinge any man.

Suddenly, as he strode on, his head dropped upon his breast, there came a roll of wheels up the road, a carriage stopped just abreast of him, and, rousing himself as if from a dream, he saw Lasalle sitting there, grim and pale, holding out his hand to him.

"Have you been up yonder?" was the mill-owner's first eager question, bobbing his head in the direction of Shrublands.

"Yes."

"So have I," his eyes blinking strangely. "I rode away again, but finally thought better of it. If anything wrong is going on there, I'm bound to find out all about it."

Anything wrong! Jasper stared hard at him. Had all the world suddenly turned its suspicious eyes upon the inmates of the gray-stone house he had just left?

"My God!" he said. "This passes my comprehension! There must be grounds for fear when so many are afraid."

"Grounds!" cried Lasalle, savagely. "Raymond is a devil! He'd murder his own brother if anything could be gained by it. I know he doesn't love Miss Vance over much. I don't credit his story that she is gone away. He means mischief by her, or I lose my guess."

Controlling himself as well as he was able, Jasper said:

"Why should he injure her?"

"I don't know. The motive is hidden. But if I could see any reason, I should tremble for her safety. As it is, I am devoured by doubt, without knowing why. The impression grows strong upon me that she is near and needs my help. Heaven knows how gladly I'd give it."

Then, unsteadily, he went on to speak of the strange dreams he had had, in which he invariably saw Bernice at the mercy of her enemies.

"They wrought upon me so powerfully," he said, "that I could not keep away from Shrublands. I found it was necessary to my own peace of mind to assure myself there was no occasion for them."

"You now believe there is occasion?"

"I don't know," groaning dismally. "I am far from being satisfied. I'd give my right hand to see that girl safe and well before me."

"Listen," said Jasper, almost sternly. "I have something to tell you, in return. And may God strengthen both our arms, if any wickedness is going on."

Lasalle made a quick gesture.

"Get in," said he, making room for Jasper. "We must not be seen talking here. I'll give up my idea of going back to the house until you can go with me. I'll drive towards the village while you are telling your story."

Jasper took a little time to collect his thoughts after seating himself in the buggy. Then he went on to relate all that had transpired during the morning.

Lasalle listened eagerly. At the close he broke out in a savage oath.

"The d—d villains!" he said, between his teeth. "They are up to some devil's work, depend upon it. I know the race. You and I must foil them, Jasper."

"We'll do all we can," was the low, stern reply.

"I don't mind confessing that I'm fond of Bernice," Lasalle resumed, after a pause. "The little witch stole her way into my heart before I was aware. You love her, too. I guessed your secret, long ago, despite that little penchant for Dora. Well, we won't quarrel, my fine fellow; that wouldn't help matters. We'll pull together until Bernice is saved from the clutches of these wretches. Then, whoever can go in and win shall do so; though I haven't the ghost of a chance; she's refused me already."

He smiled drearily, and held out his hand to Jasper, who grasped it warmly.

"God bless you, Lasalle," cried the latter. "You are a nobler man than I knew. You deserve to be happy."

"I never shall be," suppressing a sigh. "But that is neither here nor there. Let us put our two heads together and form some plan to deliver the girl we both love from the power of her enemies."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GAME GOES ON.

Where during all this while was Bernice?

When the heavy door closed behind her and Mrs. Raymond that night she found herself in total darkness.

Only for a moment, however. A gleam of light flashed along a passage, at some distance, and a man made his appearance, wearing his hat slouched low over his eyes. She could not tell whether she had ever seen him before or not.

"We want rooms where we can pass the night," said Mrs. Raymond, sharply.

"Yes, madam."

Turning as he spoke the man led the way up a spiral staircase that seemed interminable, for they passed several landings. Bernice saw objects very indistinctly by the aid of the flickering lamp—turned purposely low, no doubt—but she was convinced they were in a very old building, for the halls smelled musty and there was no signs of carpets or furniture anywhere.

She was not especially frightened. She had passed through too much already perhaps. Her mind was benumbed. She walked on like one stupefied, with Mrs. Raymond clinging fast hold of her arm.

At last they stopped before a door very high up. The man produced a key, turned it in the look, and signed for them to enter the room beyond.

They did so. It was a small apartment, plainly furnished, but everything wore a fresh look, as if it had been placed there yesterday. Strangely in contrast with the bare, musty halls, this room seemed.

Mrs. Raymond glanced all round, as if to assure herself everything was as it should be, then lighted the candle she found on a small table near the bed, and turned to go.

"This is your room, my dear," she said, giving Bernice a swift glance. "I will find another for myself. Good-night. I wish you pleasant dreams."

Then, with a smile upon her lips, she went out quickly, the man following. The bolts clicked sharply. Bernice was locked in!

There is always something ominous in the click of a key in a lock; but Bernice scarcely noticed it. She threw herself upon the bed, dressed as she was, so worn and tired and heart-sick she would gladly have died.

Something heavy weighed upon her brain; a drowsiness drew down her lids, and she soon fell into a deep, but refreshing sleep.

The morning was far advanced when she awoke. A neatly-arranged breakfast-tray stood by the bedside. Somebody had placed it there while she slept.

Her brain was clearer than it had been over night. After satisfying her hunger she tried the door. Still locked. She glanced round at the windows. There were two of them, very high up. The curtains were drawn to one side, but she could only see a glimpse of the sky through them.

"This is no hotel," she said to herself. "What, then, is it, and why was I entrapped here?"

The answer was clear enough. The same deadly malignity that had imprisoned her in the house by the river, that had sought to steal the precious casket away from her, and had strewn her pathway with so many difficulties, was still working out its hellish purpose.

Where it would all end, God alone knew.

Somebody entered while these thoughts were flitting across her brain. It was Mrs. Raymond. She came alone, though Bernice was sure she had heard steps outside the door.

"I hope you slept well, my dear?" she said, with her cruel lips curved in a smile.

"Where am I?" demanded Bernice in a loud voice. "Why have you locked me in? Why did you lie to me, and say this was a hotel?"

"Humph! One question at a time, if you please."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Teach you to listen to reason."

There was something hard and malicious in the twinkle of her dark eyes—a deadly hatred written all over her pallid face.

"My God!" cried Bernice.

She ran across the room like a mad woman. Suddenly she threw up her arms.

"I see it all," she said. "You have tried to deceive me and others! You have not taken me from Shrublands at all! This is the ruined wing, in which you have shut me up! Oh, infamous!"

Mrs. Raymond recoiled, biting her sinister lip sharply.

"You are no less a fool for having guessed shrewdly," and she glowered fiercely upon the young girl. "If you are so sharp, you shouldn't have been drawn into such a trap."

Bernice answered nothing. She was trembling.

"After all, you might as well know the truth. You can't get away from this room. Here you are, in my power."

She stepped quickly to the door, and flung it open.

"Come in, Louis. The jade shall face the worst at once."

"The best, you mean," corrected a voice softer than silk, and Captain Marthe crossed the threshold.

He was smiling blandly, and holding out his two hands to Bernice, wholly unmindful of her shrinking gesture and the expression of loathing upon her face.

"My love, you and I have been long separated. It was the cruelty of our destinies. Now my heart bounds when I look upon your face once more."

"Villain! how dare you speak to me?" gasped the shuddering girl.

She was nearly dead with terror. For the first time she began to comprehend the full wickedness of the trap that had been set for her.

Darting forward past the smiling wretch, she clung in despairing anguish to Mrs. Raymond's arm.

"Send him away!" she screamed. "Send that villain away! For God's sake, don't let him touch me! Don't let him come nigh me!"

"Hurry!" hissed Mrs. Raymond, livid with fury. "Stop your noise, little fool. Louis is as good as you are. Get up, and listen to reason."

She dragged the trembling girl to a seat.

"Now hear me," she went on. "I'm tired of child's play. I'll put up with it no longer. Louis loves you; he would make you a good husband. You can forget and forgive what happened in the house by the river. It's your only way. You'd better mind what I tell you, for marry him *you shall!*"

A sudden spirit burned in Bernice's eyes, and lent a momentary color to her cheek.

"Never!" she cried. "I can die, but I will never be the wife of that wretch."

"Bah!" said Captain Marthe, coolly. "You shouldn't call names. And I'm quite sure you *will* be my wife, in spite of your assertions."

"Never, never, never!" she shrieked.

"Hush, little fool!" snarled Mrs. Raymond, shaking her furiously. "If you can't hear reason, it is you who will suffer for it. You will never leave this room alive unless you leave it as Louis' wife."

Bernice turned away her face. A great sob broke from her.

"Leave me," she pleaded. "Let me die in peace. You've got my answer. It's the only one you'll ever have from me."

"Bah! You'll sing another tune when you've had a taste of the life you'll lead here. Come away, Louis. Give the idiot her own way for this once."

With a cruel sneer upon her lips Mrs. Raymond went out, and Captain Marthe followed her.

Bernice sat quite still, listening for the echo of their retreating footsteps. But no such sound fell. Instead, she heard a good deal of sharp whispering outside her door.

After a long interval, Mrs. Raymond came back again. "You are obdurate, but I don't mean to be harsh with you, unless you drive me to it," said she, eyeing Bernice shrinkingly. "It seems you are not fond of Louis. Well, I have one other proposition to make."

Bernice would have spoken, but her voice failed her. She could only listen with a helpless stare.

"It is this," went on the hard, low voice. "Give up that casket—you know very well what I mean—and promise to leave the country within twenty-four hours, never to return. On those conditions you shall have your liberty, in spite of Louis."

She paused, as if for an answer, but as none was vouchsafed, went on, presently:

"Of course I know the casket is not now upon your person. But you can lead me to the place where it is hidden, or tell me the person to whom you have entrusted it. What say you?"

Bernice rose up haughtily. Voice and speech came back as suddenly as they had left her.

"Only this," she answered, in a resolute voice. "That I scorn you for daring to make such an infamous proposal; that it proves to me, what I have long suspected, that I am in your way, that you have wronged me, and are still trying to deprive me of my birthright; and that, so sure as there is a God in heaven, you and your worthy husband and Dora will all be punished for your cruelty to a helpless girl."

She said no more. She sat down again, panting and out of breath, but she met unflinchingly the horrible look the baffled woman fixed upon her.

"It is well—it is *very* well;" said Mrs. Raymond, and a low, startling laugh fell from her lips. "I've heard your answer—you've heard my only terms. Now, we know the ground we stand on, and I warn you to beware!"

Hissing the last word between her clenched teeth, she went out, and slammed the door behind her.

That day wore on like a long, dreadful dream; night came, and went; and another day winged its noiseless course away.

Long after the second night of her imprisonment had fallen, as Bernice sat sobbing out her despair in that dreary room, a key clicked sharply in the lock, of a sudden, and a heavy step crossed the floor.

She looked up with a long, loud shriek of joy.

"Jasper!" she cried, flinging up her hands to grasp those of the man who stood before her. "You have come to save me. Oh, God be praised!"

She fainted dead away, in his arms. But it was Philip Layton—*not* Jasper—who held her tightly to his heart!

Again had she mistaken the one brother for the other.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE DARK.

Let us, meanwhile, follow the real Jasper and Lasalle for a few moments.

After a long consultation they came to this conclusion: They would wait until dark, and then contrive to gain admittance to the east wing of Mr. Raymond's residence, which they would search thoroughly for some clue to the missing girl.

The maid's story might be true; indeed, Jasper, who had seen her white, earnest face, and heard her impassioned tones, fully believed it must be true. If so, Bernice, beyond a doubt, was being held a prisoner at Shrublands.

You may imagine their impatience as the slow hours dragged away. But night fell at last, and it grew dark enough for their purpose.

Silently they crossed the grass-green lawn. Lights were gloaming in the front of the mansion, music floated out on the still night air, and the hum of voices could be heard.

"We must wait a little, said Lasalle. "It is still early."

They lingered in the shadow of some great, gloomy trees at a distance. The night wind sighed plaintively in the branches, as if mourning a lost soul; the shadows on the grass were intensely black, for no moon enlivened the scene.

Presently the lights went out, save one or two. The music and the hum of conversation had long since died away. Everywhere a strange hush brooded over the gloomy scene.

Jasper led the way up to the east wing. Here had been no friendly gleam of light, no sound to denote the presence of a living being. Silent as the grave, almost as gloomy, the great building loomed black against the starlit sky.

He tried the door; it was fast. But that was to be expected. So, wasting no time there, the two dark figures stole round to a low window, far removed from the inhabited portion of the house.

"Dash it in!" said Lasalle, impatiently shaking the sash.

But that would have made too much noise. With the diamond in a ring he wore, Jasper cut the glass, hunted for the fastenings within, and after a little effort the sash slid up with scarce a sound.

Over the sill vaulted the two resolute men, muttering a prayer and a threat in the same breath; and only paused long enough in the narrow, dreary passage—fearfully damp and mouldy it was—to light a dark lantern, with which they had provided themselves.

Why follow them in the long, laborious search that was instituted? From room to room, from floor to floor they went, climbing higher and higher, until there were no more stairs to ascend, and the black roof grinned at them in places where lath and plaster had fallen away from the ceiling of the upper landing.

A low groan reached their ears, presently. Jasper was first to catch the sound. He sprung forward, his face blanching to a ghastly whiteness.

"This way," he cried. "As God hears me, I believe we are on the right track at last."

He reached a door. Unlike all the rest, it was fastened. The groans were repeated. This time he knew that they came from within that room.

Trembling all over, he flashed the light up and down the length of the door. A bolt gleamed brightly on a level with his eyes—a new bolt, freshly put on! He took notice of that fact, despite the horrible agitation he was in.

Click, clack! The bolt has yielded! The door swings slowly! The two men, Jasper and Lasalle, cross the threshold.

What do they see? A small apartment, with unattainable windows set high in the roof; a low, cot bed, upon which a man is lying, bound hand and foot.

Jasper dashed forward. He was frightfully near swearing, I fear. His whole frame shook with an indignation he could neither help nor control. With his pocket knife he slashed savagely at the cords which bound the poor fellow.

"The devil!" he muttered. "This is worse than the Inquisition. Oh, my God! why do you suffer so much wrong and infamy to exist upon earth?"

Then, with an effort, he grew calmer. He raised up the man, who sat staring at him and blinking strangely—a gaunt, pale, forlorn-looking creature.

"You have not come to set me free?" he gasped, in a hoarse, incredulous voice.

Jasper answered in the affirmative.

"Rise, if you can, and come away with us. You have nothing more to fear."

Instead of obeying, the poor fellow burst into a flood of tears.

"I had given up," he moaned. "I

thought to die here, and never look upon the green earth again. It was hard—so hard."

Between his teeth Jasper demanded:

"Who shut you up in this room?"

"It was Giles Raymond's work."

"Your name?"

"You may call me Saul."

Saul it was indeed, the same unfortunate man who had been held a prisoner in the house by the river. Captain Marthe and Bill had not dared take him back to the old quarters, when they had captured him in Lasalle's grounds. Therefore, he had been brought here to Shrublands, as the only other available place.

Jasper was not himself any longer. Quivering with passion, he said:

"What had you done that you should be treated so cruelly? Tell me! Your wrongs shall not be forgotten when the moment for retribution comes."

"I could have beggared the villain; I could have given to poor Bernice her birth right."

"Bernice?" cried Jasper, with a start.

"Hush!" Lasalle came softly towards them, at this instant. "Not a loud word," and he lifted his hand in warning.

He had taken the precaution to close the door, on first coming in. He now went back to it, and pressed his ear against the wood-work, as if listening intently, but his hand still waved, to keep the others quiet.

"What is it?" asked Jasper, in a whisper.

"I thought I heard footsteps! Ay, there they are again—coming up the stairs. Out with the light!"

Jasper made a dash at the lantern, and the room was instantly enveloped in darkness.

A dead silence followed. For several minutes neither seemed to breathe. They stood waiting, listening, and fumbling in their breast pockets for the weapons they had brought.

The steps ceased lower down the passage, near a second staircase. A door opened softly, after the clicking of a key in the lock. Then there was a sharp cry, and a few murmured words.

"Bernice's voice," said Jasper, quivering.

He would have rushed out madly, but Lasalle held him back.

"Be quiet," whispered the latter, in a savage tone. "Don't you hear other steps upon the stairs?"

Jasper stood still and listened. Yes, there were other steps, and a soft rustling, as of a woman's dress.

These sounds died away, presently, and a silence fell—strange, awful, intense. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRIDE MORTIFIED.

BY E. H. H.

At a ball given in Pyrmont, a celebrated watering-place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Gottigen student, requested a young lady to dance with him.

Just as the dance was about to commence the lady inquired of him,

"With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

"I am the tutor of Count Von Z——," replied her partner.

"And a commoner, I presume?" she rejoined; to which he answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, then," continued the lady, as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner."

This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for on the continent to be so deserted on the eve of a dance, is to lose caste for the rest of the night, if not longer. It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is.

The young man quitted the room and sought the air to breathe more freely and collect himself.

His pupil followed him and learned the cause of his distress.

"You shall soon have ample satisfaction," said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball-room, followed by his tutor.

The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz; the young count requested the rejecter of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly accepted the proposal, no doubt greatly rejoicing at the immense stride which she had taken from ranking with the humble tutor, to pairing off with the wealthy noble.

Just before the dance began, he addressed to her the question which she herself had put:

"With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

"With the Lady Von B——," she replied.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses," and instantly quitted her side.

He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible person in the room.

Few will deny that it was a well-merited punishment.

FANCY DREAMS OF A YOUNG LADY.—Some young ladies regard marriage as a fairy land, where violets and roses perpetually blossom—where the cedar-tree and the cinnamon-tree ever flourish—where the waters of tranquility and sweetness uninterruptedly flow. Tell them there are thistles and briars in that state, though they do not contradict, yet they do not credit you, for they believe that their love, their devotedness for each other, will exempt them from the cares, the vicissitudes, the anxieties which generally pertain to humanity. All lovers, before marriage, conceive that their destiny will be an exception to the general rule. The future with them will be *toujours couleur de rose*. Could you give them a sketch of the pages in their future history, they would not believe a word; they would set you down as a misanthrope, a painter of gloomy and unnatural scenes—an inimical represser of the hopes and aspirations of youth. The dark spots which the telescope of your experience might discover, they would regard but as shadows or molehills in the moon. If they would but reflect a *little*, how much misery they might avoid.

THE influence which woman exerts is silent and still, felt rather than seen, not chaining the hands, but restraining our actions by gliding into the heart.

IT is a remarkable fact that the bravest of soldiers are generally the gentlest men.

THE OLD STORY.

BY JENNY M. PARKER.

It was the old, old story
I told to Rosalie!
It was the sweet old answer
She whispered back to me;
And then the old, old picture,
You might have seen, I wis—
Her tremor, blushes, smiles and tears—
Her yielding to my kiss.

It was the old, old story—
The bridal and the flowers;
And now the sweet old sequel—
Long years of happy hours.
And yet, and yet, I often think,
Despite what others say,
I am *by far* the happiest man
That has seen his wedding-day.

MARY'S TRIAL.

BY MRS. DENISON.

It was her only consolation—reading that letter on her knees—out of burning eyes from which no tears fell. She had reached the last page.

"So good-bye, my darling; and remember, if I fall, I have bequeathed you to my country. All I fear is, that being such a tender nursling, you will not have the courage to seek for aid in any extremity. I am almost sorry you and your mother came to New York. It is not a good place for poor people, but I hope the little sum I sent you will be well managed. Keep up heart, my dear, in whatever circumstance you are placed; stand by the principles I have endeavored to inculcate. God helping me, I have tried to leave an honest name. But why should I hint at fear? Surely, surely, if I am taken from you, in some good way you will be kept from want. Pray for me, Mary, in a few hours I shall be in thick of the fight."

How often had she read that letter!

It comforted her sick mother so to hear it—sobbing and with dry eyes, now pressing her palms upon a burning forehead—that young stranger alone in an untried place.

Oh, yes, the money had been well managed; but God knows, with bitter tears. It had paid for the long illness of that fragile figure lying there in the shadow of the room, in the darker shadow of death. And there was quite enough for the funeral expenses, quite enough, but it would take the uttermost farthing, and how should she pay for the two weeks rent?

"If they had only been in kinder hands!" she cried out, rising and leaning against the window that overlooked a dismal court, where the rain dripped from the houses, and the gutters streamed with mire, thinned by the storm; but Mrs. Carboy—this horrible landlady with her horrible, sneering smile, and her keen black eyes that stabbed the girl at a glance and left her thoughtless.

"My God! my God! has thou forsaken me?"

The cry was full of anguish, wrought of extremest fear and gloomiest forebod. ing. That cruel paragraph, a week before, had stunned her for a time; deadened feeling, left her an automaton, with only strength enough to wait on the failing wants of her mother. To-day she was fatherless, and that white clod stretched out, attired by menial hands for the grave, was all that was left of her mother.

"Oh! what shall I do? where shall I go?"

A loud knock startled her. She turned, suddenly calm, white and cold, and opened the door, scarcely suppressing a shriek as the plain coffin was brought in and laid on the table. Oh! and she had eaten bread on that table never thinking it might bear such a burden as this.

The undertaker looked at her curiously. He was a coarse man outwardly, but of a tender nature, as befitting those who have dealings with the dead, always grieving by virtue of the hearts that loved, and the tears that fall for them.

"Well, miss," he said softly, "it's come less than I told Miss Carboy yesterday. You shan't be worried any more than I can help, bein's you're in such trouble," and he wiped his forehead with an immense bandana handkerchief. "I'll highly give in my services—and I think I'll get a couple o' dollars off the grave. You'll not want more'n one carriage, with the hearse, them's what costs mostly; but I'll see to that, too. We'll be easy with you, miss."

"Thank you," faltered Mary.

"And now, if you've got anywheres to go, me and my man 'll put the body in."

"I—I think I'll stay," moaned Mary, the room suddenly going round.

"Don't mind," as she sank into a seat, "it's only a little faintness; it will pass away in a moment."

"A bit of camphire," mumbled the man.

"It's gone," said Mary, bravely, looking up with eyes whose sadness cut him to the heart, he told his wife afterwards.

Alone! a bitter word as those have felt returning to the home of luxury, weeping under expensive crape, surrounded by sympathising friends; how doubly bitter to Mary, after that poor funeral! Mrs. Carboy had gone—a ride and a change of air she thought would do her good—and she foisted her vulgar presence upon the one poor mourner. Mrs. Carboy's niece and a browsy young man, who called his mother the old woman, and who had taken a desperate liking to poor Mary, sat on the opposite seat staring hard every time the white, sweet face became dimly visible under the thick veil.

"I'd like to know what she's going to do?" muttered Mrs. Carboy, stirring her tea vigorously that evening at supper.

Jim Carboy thought for a moment; sprang from the table and hurried upstairs. Presently he returned almost purple.

"I asked her to come down to tea, but she wouldn't," was his answer to the enquiring glances.

"She!" snarled his cousin, "the idea! that proud thing!"

"She ain't proud;" was the half-fierce rejoinder. "Humph! 'cause she's delicate and pretty, she's proud, eh?"

"Jim, how you do take up for her!" cried his mother. "I never!"

"Who cares?" and Jim cut his bread defiantly on the table cloth. "I say who cares? And I'd like to see her put upon, that's all."

"And I'd like to see her pay the rent," sniffed Mrs. Carboy.

"I'll pay the rent, don't you worry, old woman."

A faint shriek stopped the progress of Nancy Carboy's bread and butter.

"Don't choke Nance," growled Jim Carboy, "or you'll spile a respectable bridesmaid."

"You don't mean," gasped his mother, putting down her knife and fork, pushing herself back, staring aghast.

"Don't I? Well, p'raps I don't, and, then agen, it's likely I do. Either way, I'm my own master, I should hope. Never knew to the contrary before twenty-one, and now in the liquor business doin' respectable—well I should hope so."

He did hope so for a month, at the end of which he made his proposals, and was rejected. It was not in the heart of Mary Reynolds to worry the meanest nature; but his offer came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that she recoiled, and did not hide the disgust with which he had inspired her. So in that moment, she made a bitter, vulgar relentless enemy.

They had been in New York six months when her mother died. The moving had cost more than they had calculated, and not long after her mother's illness commenced, poor Mary had found her way to the pawnbrokers—that living tomb, with a grave-seal on each bundle. There she had pawned many a useful article, and when her father's remittance reached them, Mary had but one decent dress left. All the money was sacredly kept for the fees and funeral.

And Mary was left up in that dark, miserable room to fight with poverty as best she could. She hunted for work, obtained some—but the merchants of New York have hard hearts and grasping hands. The pittance only kept her in food. How she bore sometimes the pangs of hunger, put up with the insults of the people under whose roof she lived, wept and prayed for death, strove with the energy of a proud spirit in a frail body to conquer circumstances, and failed hopelessly—only God and the pitying angels knew. She was a timid creature. Her father had been of nature a gentleman; he had prided himself upon the gentleness and beauty of his little woman-daughter—her graceful ways had been in lieu of pictures and the luxuries which a refined taste craves.

But alas! in this struggle with poverty, how was she coming out?

"If you had had my Jem," Mrs. Carboy, reiterated, "you needn't have come to this."

Mary hid her face, with a little shuddering cry.

"O! you're very fine lady, of course—we all knew that. We all feel," making a profound courtesy, "that we're not good enough for—you—you beggar," the hard, coarse passion getting the ascendancy.

"It wasn't that, Mrs. Carboy," and Mary shuddered again. "I—I—I didn't love him. I—couldn't make any one happy I didn't love."

"That's falderol. Come, I've borne with this about long enough. Your mother's been dead four months, and it's coming winter. You haven't paid any rent this five weeks, and I want the room."

"Mrs. Carboy!" cried Mary, chokingly, "haven't I given up almost all the furniture?"

"Worth nothin', just worth nothin'; wouldn't bring five dollars at auction, the whole of it. Besides, you're going into rags—anybody can see. You don't look respectable."

"Because I've sold everything to pay you," moaned the poor girl.

"Come now, I won't have that. No impudence. Don't you accuse me of making you disreputable. I've did my best by you—Jim offered to have ye, and he'd have took care of you handsome. You'd a lived like a lady, and his poor mother'd been in the background. Well, you heard—I want the room to-night."

"O! my God!" gasped Mary, "will you turn me into the street?"

"O! you'll find a home, with your face; as for me, I've been shillyshallying long enough; I'm done with it. I tell you I want my room."

Mary moaned and shivered.

"Go—go—you wicked woman," she cried, grown desperate. And the hard-hearted creature started back, frightened by the glare in the girl's hungry gray eyes.

"This very night, remember," she threatened, as she left.

Mary shut the door. When she turned to the light a hard, almost evil, expression settled upon the girlish face. She stood still a moment, staring at vacancy, her hands coming slowly together, clasping, the veins showing rigid and blue; then she drew her breath hard and her hands fell at her side.

"Rage!" the sound coming from between set teeth, picking at the scant folds of her gown. "Yes, she saw them coming. They have come, only I've patched and patched. And now I'm not fit to go on the streets—no," fiercely; "absolutely not decent. Who would do anything for me, a beggar? Why I have to leave money when I take work at a new place; where's my money? I've sold everything that could be sold. I've pawned everything that could be pawned. I've no friends; they hate me here, hate me!" with a fiercer gesture, "because I'm not one of them. And I can't be; oh, God! I cannot be;" the cry ended in a miserable wail, sobbing and hysterical.

"And my father died for his country;" laughing hollowly, ending with a sob more violent than the others.

"O father, father! if you could see me now! your Mary, your little Mary you loved and fondled so! ragged, cold, hungry, homeless! oh! father, father, father!" She threw herself on her knees, bending to and fro in absolute agony. Suddenly she dashed the tears away, her face grew like stone.

"Yes, I will, I will! God pities me. He sees to what extremities I am reduced. I will! To be there! to feel father's arms about me, to lay my head on mother's bosom. Oh! the grave is not cold, not cruel; only human hearts are both," rising and groping forward like one blind.

"I remember I put it here," fumbling in the closet, "never thinking of this. Yes, here it is," and again the low laugh of incipient delirium rang out. She lifted the vial. It looked blood-red in the waning light.

"They'll find me gone," laughing again, "but they won't dare put me in the street then. No, no."

The little vial was labeled "Laudanum." There was enough to send the chill of death through those throbbing veins. The cork was in her hand, the vial approaching her lips. At that second something which had been placed upon a corner of the shelf, stirred by some sudden jar, fell. The book, for it was that, remained open, and her father's letter that had slipped out from between the pages, showing only these words in his bold handwriting "My Dear Daughter," rustled at her feet.

That saved her—for a moment she saw his honest, handsome face troubled with disquiet and horror. Following the impulse that rushed over her soul, she dashed the bottle to the floor, fell upon the table near which she stood, which the coffin of her dead mother had hallowed, and wept bitterly.

An hour after that she was calm again. She had read the letter of that dear father; she had wept over the words:

"In whatever circumstances you are placed, stand by the principles I have endeavored to inculcate."

And one of these was, trust in God. Dark as the path seemed before her, she was sure that she never should waver again.

The poor bonnet was tied on—it was empty of flowers, no lace, no tints of soft, costly ribbon shaded it—all that had been stripped off, and it was very shabby. So was the shawl long since given up as wearing apparel, but it must do now. Gloves, she had none; shoes, I had almost said, she had none. They were scarcely worthy of the name, those thin, frayed things, only held together here and there.

"And he died for his country!"

The bitter thought would come. She went first to the house of the minister, who prayed at her mother's funeral. He had said he would come again—would find some kind heart that would interest itself in the soldier's orphan. But he never came. Likely he had forgotten, and she had shrunk from applying to him.

A stolid servant came to the door.

"Is Mr. Philips in?" timidly folding the miserable shawl over her cold hands.

"Mr. Philips, child! why he's been dead this three months an' more. Got the fever 'tending to some low creetur. He always would——" and seeing the girl, stepped back, shut the door in her face and hurried away.

It was dark. Mary walked on, sick at heart, shivering with the intense cold. The light streaming along the wet pavements seemed to mock her.

"Is there any lodging house where I can sleep for a few pennies?"

The night watchman turned sharply.

"You?" the words were cut short at one glance.

"How came you here?"

"I've no home, sir."

"Where are your friends?"

"I haven't any.'

"Humph!"

"I'm very cold. I'd go anywhere to get warm." Her teeth chattered.

Still he was suspicious.

"Do to look into this case a little, though," he muttered.

"There's a cellar on Mulberry street. It's late, or I'd—see here," with a sudden thought, "come to the station house, No. —, to-morrow. I'll have a little talk with you, and if you're honest——"

Mary broke from him, wild with pain, frenzied at the implication. She walked many squares, not cold, now. O! no, very warm; glowing, even, and if her teeth chattered, it was not the cold.

Somebody guided her to Mulberry street, a wicked, ragged urchin, mocking her as he spake. She found it, ran down the rough steps, risking her neck, they were so slippery; entering the front den, where all along were holes in the wall—and matted hair and dirty hands, hung over, or showed black above the foul coverings.

"You'll have a bed?"

The woman, hag though she was, a vicious, stony-hearted, sour-faced vixen, yet feels some thawing of pity as she met the haggard eyes.

"Can't I sit up?" asked Mary. "I, I only want to get out of the cold and rain."

"Well, you might do better than this, I think. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"I didn't think you was fifteen. Lord! you might do better than this."

"I couldn't get work, they thrust me in the street."

"Work!" the woman laughed a low, wicked laugh. "Well, down with you, there's a bench."

They came streaming in; heavens! what a crew, unshaved, unshorn, the dregs of a thousand muttered curses, the very brand of hell on their faces. Women, who had lost all outward semblance of a womanliness; beggars, with wailing children suffering under tortures inflicted for the sole purpose of wheedling money out of the passer-by; young girls, stamped with crime, laughing, shouting, blaspheming.

And Mary sat there in a dull stupor, seeing this reeking mass troop by her, now shivering, now burning, and yet never letting go her hold on the mercy of God.

The proprietor of the place came up again. Something in Mary's apathy moved her.

"Be you hungry, child?" she asked.

"I don't know; I thought I was before I came out. I haven't eat anything to-day."

Whether for good or evil, let God judge, but the woman was prompted to help this forlorn child.

"Come out here," she said; "lawk! how hot your hand is!" and she led her through the filthy atmosphere to where a green baize door, swung back at her touch, revealing a room with some pretension to comfort.

"You see, I was eating, myself. There! drink that!"—pouring out some tea, and shuddering at the timid gratitude in Mary's eyes—"and after you've eat some'at, there's a better bed for ye. I see you ain't used to this sort."

A moment after the night watchman passed this den, and peered down.

"I tell you what, wife," he said the next day, "I saw a girl I'd a mind to take home, last night, poor thing!"

"From the street?"

"Yes; there was something in her eyes that haunted me—wish I had."

"Well, I don't. That trash knows just how to work on a man's sympathy. Couldn't on mine."

"But she wasn't that sort, I'd take my oath. Great God! if it had been our Alice!"

"Don't speak of her in the same breath with a tramp, George," said his wife, angrily.

Morning came, and the mass of corruption began to stir in the den in Mulberry street. The proprietor was up betimes, and took a look at the strange girl she had befriended.

"Is the girl dead?" she muttered.

Very like death was the motionless figure—very like. Not a tinge of color on the quiet face—dying even out of the lips. She slept so soundly, too.

"She's not dead—I'm glad of that—poor thing!" with a low laugh of satisfaction, "because she'd a been on my hands, and it's bad enough to have 'em the other way, with the life in 'em. But a body has to get a living, and where else would they go?"

"Say!" and she touched her on the arm—shook her heavily. The girl opened her eyes as if with an effort.

"Come—it's time you was up; they're all gone."

Mary stared.

"You won't let them take the letter?"

"What letter?"

"Father's letter; he died for his country, you know."

"O! why me—but seems to me," with another shake, "your're out o' head."

"I'll get up—I'll"—she lifted herself, then fell helplessly back.

"Here's a case," muttered the woman. "Sick on my hands. That comes o' bein' tender like, you 'ent o' the way to be kind. Never did it in my life but I got paid this 'ere way. Jake!" to a black boy, skulking in the den, shaking up the wretched beds.

"Mum?"

"Go to the curiner and tell him there's a girl for the hospital here, and she must go straight, you hear?"

"Yes'm." And off went the boy.

An hour later and poor Mary lay in the hospital ward, nursed by gentle hands.

"You could come, mother," said the doctor, a grave young man in spectacles, as he escorted a middle-aged woman through the wards.

"Upon my word, John, I didn't think it could be such a miserable strain upon my sympathies."

"I told you so."

"But what sweet face is that, eh?" holding her glasses up.

"A girl, only seventeen, I think." The doctor looked at her, professionally.

"Dangerous?"

"Her days are numbered."

"O! John!" the gold-rimmed glasses grew dim. "The pretty, pretty creature!" in a hushed, awe-struck voice.

"Yes, both pretty and good. See, here is something they found on her."

Mrs. Wrentham took the letter to a window opposite. When John went over there, she could not speak, but her handkerchief was busy, very busy, and very wet. The gold eye glasses dangled by their cord.

"O! John—I—it's shameful!—why—you read this?" speaking with difficulty.

"I did," his voice a shade graver.

"The poor, suffering child; John?"

"Well, madame?"

"You're—not—not going to let that girl—die?" chokingly.

"How can I help it?"

"She must not die, John. I—I believe I shall feel hard towards you if she does. Her youth, her strength must carry her through. Ah! the poor man; dead, of course, and such a beautiful letter! John, I tell you what! the country he died for, may not care for her, but so sure as she lives, I will; do you hear, John?"

"Yes, madame; that from you is as good as an oath."

"And you, you'll try your best?"

"All that human skill can do shall be tried in her case."

"You're so—so apathetic, John!" and the handkerchief went to work again.

She did not see the sudden look of intense pain that crossed the face of her reticent doctor-son.

And youth and strength did triumph. Mary was convalescing, not in the hospital ward, but in a beautiful, sunny room, where birds and flowers brightened the windows. They had taken her there as soon as she could bear the change. And the grave young doctor seemed to like it, though he had hardly seconded his mother's wish.

"O! if I had lost trust in God again!" Mary shuddered, as she told her sad little story.

"You would never have been my daughter," said a soft voice, and a kiss fell on her forehead.

There were years of study and preparation first, but Mary sits in her own home to-day, the treasured wife of Doctor Wrentham.

A GOOD REPUTATION.

The young live much in the future; they are fond of gazing into its unknown depths, and of endeavoring to trace the outlines, at least, of the fortune that awaits them. With ardent hope, with eager expectation, they anticipate the approach of coming years when they shall be called upon the grand stage of action, confident that the future will bring to them nought but unalloyed felicity.

But they should allow their anticipations of the future to be controlled by a well-balanced judgment, and moderated by the experience of those who have gone before them. In looking to the future there is one important inquiry which the young should make: "What do I most desire to become in future life? What position am I anxious to occupy in society? What is the estimation in which I wish to be held by those within the circle of my acquaintances?"

The answer to these inquiries from the great mass of young people can well be anticipated. There are none among them who desire to be held in disrespect, and shunned by the wise and good; none who are anxious to be covered with disgrace and infamy; none who seek to be outcasts and vagabonds in the world. The thought, if they were doomed to such a condition, would fill them with alarm. Every discreet youth will exclaim:—"Nothing would gratify me more than to be honored and respected as I advance in years; to move in good society; to have people seek my company rather than shun it, to be looked up to as an example for others to imitate, and to enjoy the confidence of all around me."

Surely there can be none so blind to the future, so lost to their own good, as to prefer a life of infamy and its ever accompanying wretchedness, to respectability, prosperity and true enjoyment. But how are these to be obtained? They do not come at your bidding. You cannot reach forth your hands and take them as you would pluck the ripe fruit from the bending branch. Neither will wishing or hoping for them shower their blessings on you; if you would obtain and enjoy them, you must labor for them—earn them. They are only secured as the well-merited reward of a pure and useful life.

The first thing to be aimed at by the young should be the establishment of a good character. In all their plans, anticipations and prospects for future years, this should form the grand starting point, the chief corner-stone. It should be the foundation of every hope and thought of prosperity and happiness in days to come. It is the only basis on which such a hope can mature to full fruition. A good character established in the season of youth becomes a rich and productive soil to its possessor.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMAS.

1.

Only a little thing, and only one,
Here for a moment just,
Then it has gone;
Gone, and for ever; it may not return;
Leaving behind a sting;
Something to burn;
Something to rankle, like poisonous dart,
Something that's living yet;
Something to smart;
Something to part friends who've been bound fast;
Something to crush their love;
Something to last;
Something to weep over and to regret;
Something to grieve over;
Something to fret;
Leave it alone, though it shadows may cast;
And bury it deeply away in the past.

2.

A thing I am to puzzle you;
I'm singular, and plural too,
At the same time; now, haste and try
The meaning of this mystery.
For men alone I'm chiefly made,
But sailors seldom seek my aid;
Sometimes the generous will send
Me, a present, to a friend.
And one word more, before I have quite done,
When I am single, still I'm more than one.

3.

I'm welcome to all, both young and the old,
To maiden, or bachelor, prude or to scold;
Morn, noon, and night, you will find me the same;
To some I give pleasure, to others give pain;
Tho' you say I am wandering all the year round,
Yet never intrude on another man's ground;
But true and most loyal to her I revere,
Who succors, and pays me well, all through the year;
'Tis true that, sometimes, I have news to impart,
That wounds most severely the strings of your heart;
Yet again, by my presence, I may soften the pain,
And give you much pleasure from across the salt main.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When does a client begin to bore a lawyer?
2. What key opens the gate to misery?
3. Why is the captain of a steamboat often like a tobacconist?
4. What part of a ship is like a farmer?
5. If you torment an animal, why is it like a tea-canister?
6. What part of a woman is a lad?
7. What is both food for the body and mind?
8. If a man saw his wicked wife in prison, what letter should he name?

CHARADE.

A spot on cards *first* indicates,
Which you can't fail to view;
Disease amongst the feather'd tribe,
From that same will accrue.
I need not for one moment have
The slightest hesitation
To say that *second* will proclaim
What's reckon'd a relation.
A vessel now will give my *whole*,
You need not fear nor doubt it:
Had I no proof, upon my word,
I'd ne'er have writ about it.

EASY CHARADES.

1. My *first* is counterfeit; my *second* is to move from side to side; and my *whole* is a little green plant.

2. My *first* is reserved; my *second* is to fasten; and my *whole* is a celebrated character in one of Shakspeare's plays.

3. My *first* is moisture; my *second* is to let fall; and my *whole* is a globule of my *first*.

REVERSIBLE WORDS.

1. Useful little joiners—a tailors's pseudonym.
2. A mechanical power—a merry feast.
3. A sort of linen—reimbursed.
4. To drive back—an Oriental pariah.
5. A negro's master—an Asiatic country.
6. A poem by Byron—an inland sea.
7. Recompense—part of dress or of furniture.

SWIFT'S LOVE SONG.

Coleridge quotes the following, in which Latin words are made to produce English sounds, as one of Dean Swift's most clever productions:

Mollis abuti, has an acuti, no lasso finis; O mihi de armistres, cantu disco ver meas alo ver.

LOGOGRIPH.

That which is witty, shining clear,
Behead, and let it so appear,
Plainly and fairly to the sight,
That what is left would then be right.

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 4, Vol. 54.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

T Themistocles.	E Epphanos.
H Hortensius.	N Nicomanchus.
E Epamonidas.	I Idimon
S Sardanapalis.	N Nycteus.
A Alnwick.	G Gratius Faliscus.
T Thucydides.	
U Uranis.	P Peter Michaeloff.
R Rhea.	
D Ducalion.	O Odinus.
A Andrew.	S Stanislaus Poniatowski.
Y Younondio.	
E Eurydice.	T Trajanus.
V Veturia.	

CHARADES.—1. Star-ling. 2. Partridge. 3. Par-rot. 4. Cow-slip. 5. Pageant. 6. Chin-a. 7. Bride-groom. 8. Chaf-finch. 9. Wasp-paws, asp-was. 10. Windlass.

FLOWER PUZZLE.—Rhododendron.

NUMBERED CHARADE.—McMahon, have, man, cannon.

ENIGMAS.—1. Weather. 2. Gravedigger.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Joshua, the Son of Nun. 2. In the first case there's no taste for counting; in the second there's no accounting for taste. 3. Because its something to adore. 4. Hautboy. 5. Because its always on the spree. 6. When it is sat in. 7. When he's in quarters. 8. In violet (inviolate.)

RIDDLE.—Morrow.

FACETIÆ

REGULAR SPOUTERS.—Whales.

A BAD OMEN.—To owe men money.

A GREAT OBJECT IN LIFE.—A giant.

A TAKING PAPER.—The sheriff's warrant.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.—What's the time?

WHY is a chicken like a farmer? Because both delight in a full crop.

AXIOM FOR THE KITCHEN.—Things rubbed against a grater become less.

QUERY.—When a cowherd strikes a cow, can it be said to be a cowherdly action?

WHY is a beefsteak like a locomotive? Because it's not of much account without it's tender.

AN ESTABLISHED FACT.—Nothing makes a person laugh so much as a set of new teeth.

A DISGUSTED Milwaukee fisherman offers a chromo to every fish which will take the bait.

WHY do women talk less in February than in any other month? Because it is the shortest month in the year.

"HE has left a void that cannot easily be filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.

UNDENIABLE.—When deaf and dumb lovers are married, two members of the wedding-party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

A HOUSEKEEPER asks: "What is the difference between a peck of peaches and a peck of trouble?" And then answers: "One you can, and the other you can't."

BOTANICAL.—A lady's cheek is described as the poetical abode of the rose, but we are not told what kind of rose. When an ardent lover steals a kiss, we suppose it is a "cabbage" rose.

AN ingenious mother, whose little boys drive her to the depths of desperation every summer, has invented a new set of trowsers, with sheet iron knees, riveted down the seams, and waterproof pockets to hold broken eggs.

IN New York, recently, a confidence man approached a stranger, in Park row, addressing him as Mr. Wardell.

"My name is not Wardell," said the stranger.

"Is it possible I am mistaken? Are you not Mr. Wardell, of New Haven?"

"I am not," answered the stranger, "I am Tom Collins."

The genial confidence man vanished.

AT an exhibition of one of the Albany schools a few evenings since the following conversation took place:

Young lady to young gentleman—"That piece just played was by Wagner; wasn't it too lovely for anything?"

Young gentleman to young lady—"Yes; and ain't his palace cars just gay?"

The music of the future won't be played for him on her piano.

WHEN a Western editor is in a hurry, he doesn't waste words by saying "it rained." He simply writes: "After many days of arid dessication, the vapory captains marshaled their thundering hosts and poured out upon scorching humanity and the thoroughly incinerated vegetation a few inches of *aqua pluvialis*." The editor says brevity is the spice of bread and beer and boots, and other necessaries of life.

COURTSHIP OF THE LATE DR. R——.

"*Dear Sir:*—I am sorry that I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but I am sure my sister Ann will jump at it.

Your obliged, ELIZA L."

"*My Dear Miss Eliza L.*—I beg your pardon—I wrote your name in mistake; it was Miss Ann I meant to ask—have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother,

"J. R."

We suppose that the proverb that beggars shouldn't be choosers owes its origin to the impudent fastidiousness of that class. An old lady, whose fence, in Dunham, Connecticut, had become rather dilapidated, so excited the sympathy of a benevolent citizen that he determined to build a new one. So he gave a load of fence poles, and others volunteered to haul and put them up. When the load and volunteers stopped at the widow's door, she ordered both away, volubly and sharply declaring that if she had any fence it should be made of "slats." She was poor, but a pole fence was what she had not come to yet.

IT'S MIGHTY IMPROVIN'.—The Irish peasantry have tales of a parabolic character—stories which, by means of some striking action or circumstance, set forth a hearty moral. On hearing such, their usual phrase is, "Oh, it's mighty improvin'."

And that, too, is what Molly Malone, a worthy washerwoman used to say—and say almost invariably—after hearing a sermon on Sunday. One day, however, her clergyman, who was not quite content with this generality, spoke to her respecting his discourse, and Molly suddenly became what they call in Ireland a little bothered. Nevertheless, she got out of her difficulty with one of those parabolic answers which are such favorites with her class, and which, while it completely evaded the question, satisfactorily replied to it.

Rev.—Well, Molly, you liked the sermon, you say?

Mol.—Oh, yes, your riverence—it was mighty improvin'.

Rev.—And what part of it did you like best?

Mol.—Well, sure, sir, I liked every part.

Rev.—But I suppose there was some portions of it that you were more struck with than you were with others?

Mol.—In troth, please your riverence, I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether 'twas mighty improvin'.

Rev.—Now, Molly, how could it be improving if you don't remember any part of it?

Mol.—Well, your riverence sees that linen I've been washing and dhrying on the hedge there?

Rev.—Oh, certainly.

Mol.—Wasn't it the soap and wather made the linen clane, sir?

Rev.—Of course they did.

Mol.—And isn't the linen all the better for it?

Rev.—Oh, no doubt of that, Molly.

Mol.—But not a dhrop of the soap and wather stays in it. Well, sir, it's the same thing wid me. Not a word o' the sarmint stays in me—I suppose it all *dhries* out o' me—but I'm the better and the claner for it, when it's over, for all that.

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

BY DAVID BARKER.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right—
I shall always go for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be to the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said
Or 'twere better I'd said it incog.,
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here's health to the bottom dog.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

BY A. W. HANSHORE.

"Aunt Catharine, will you forgive me if I hint that you are looking at only one side of the question, and talking in a way so unlike your usual clear good sense, that—Well, if it was any other person on earth, I should say that it was the height of absurdity."

The speaker, a pretty little lady of some four-and-twenty summers, looked up with a half frightened glance, as she finished her speech. Her companion, a tall, handsome lady of fifty, with a sad, sweet, dignified face, glanced back at her with a reassuring smile.

"I dare say, Millie, that you think me a severe and unreasonable old woman, because I do not take your part, and abuse your husband most roundly, in regard to this matter. And if I did that last thing, you would decide, in your own secret heart, that I ought to be burned at the stake with all convenient dispatch!" she added, slily.

Millie tossed her graceful little head scornfully in the air.

"Indeed, Aunt Catharine, I should think no such thing. I don't want you to abuse Thornton. I only wish you to see that he is decidedly in the wrong."

"And you as decidedly in the right," said Mrs. Thomas, slowly.

"Why—yes," confessed Millie, with a slight smile. "Because you know, auntie, that I really am."

"Forgive me, if I fail to see it, my dear," returned the older lady.

"Now, auntie, you *must* know, when Thornton is making such oceans and oceans of money in his business, that he can afford as well as not to treat me to a season at Newport or Saratoga, if he chooses so to do."

"And all the new dresses, and hats, and gloves, and bonnets, that are to fill the great monsters of traveling trunks," said Mrs. Thomas, thoughtfully; "for if you go to the sea-side, you will wish to be dressed as well as your neighbors."

"Of course one does not want to go anywhere looking like a fright," said Millie.

"And have you reckoned the cost of all these things in that silly little head of yours, my dear?"

"What a question! As if I had anything to do with the cost, auntie! That is Thornton's business. And I see no reason why he should turn stingy all of a sudden like this, and want me to go off to that horrid little country village where his brother and sister live. Every one I know is going out of town this year, and the toilettes are to be splendid. There is no use in talking, auntie. My mind is made up, and I shall tease away till Thornton consents, even if we do quarrel over it a dozen times, just as we did this morning. Oh, dear, this marriage! How it does alter things, to be sure!"

"And people, too," observed Mrs. Thomas, very gravely.

"Exactly, auntie, and people too. Thornton is a case in point. Before he put that plain gold ring upon my finger, he was ready to do anything and everything for me. And now, because I only wish to have a little pleasure and dress decently, and go where my friends go, he cries out that my extravagance will ruin him. Auntie, he actually swore over it this morning! Fancy! He did not know that I heard it; but I did. To think of his swearing at me!"

"Poor fellow!"

"What, auntie?"

Mrs. Millie's brown hair nearly stood on end at this enormity.

"Did you hear what I said, auntie?" she petulantly asked.

"Perfectly, my dear."

"And you can speak like that about him, when I am telling you of his bru-bru-bru-tal-ity!" said Millie, sobbing as if her little heart would break.

She loved her aunt dearly; and to have her indifferent to so heart-rending a woe as this, was the last straw upon the camel's back—the last drop that made the full cup of misery to overflow. Mrs. Thomas waited patiently till the rain drops ceased to fall.

Then she said seriously, but kindly:

"Millie, what did you marry Thornton Grey for?"

"Because I loved him, auntie!" said the young wife, with a look of surprise.

"Do you love him still?"

"Of course I do. Only when he scolds and swears about my extravagance——"

"Exactly. But do you love him well enough to give him no cause to scold and swear about it?"

Millie opened her blue eyes widely.

"What do you mean, auntie?"

"My dear, I will tell you what he is keeping from you—unwisely, as I think. There is a crisis in the money market. You know what that is. With care, and prudence, and economy, and with some help that I shall give him—for your sake, my child—your husband will weather the storm. But if, to quiet your complaints and reproaches, he goes into any such foolish expenditure as this fashionable trip would involve, nothing can save him. Every claim would be pressed, if his creditors saw such extravagance on his part; and he could not meet them all. There is the truth of the whole story, my dear. You know best what you promised to be to him in your marriage vow. Now is the time, Millie, to show him what comfort and help a true and loving wife can give."

Having said this, Mrs. Thomas kissed her niece gently and left the room.

Millie sat there in silence, with clasped hands and tearful eyes.

"And I who would die for him—might have been his ruin and his curse!" she at length exclaimed. "Oh, why did he not tell me this long ago? But, thank heaven, it is not too late yet to repair my fault!"

* * * * * *

Thornton Grey, after a weary and anxious day spent in the city, came to his home at dusk with a heavy heart. He loved his wife far more fondly now than in the days of courtship. It was hard, very hard to refuse her the pleasant trip on which her heart was set. He was half tempted to yield, when he recalled the harsh words of that morning—the harsh words, and the angry oath. Better ruin, if it must be, than strife and dissension in their once peaceful and happy home.

Thinking thus, he opened the hall door with his latch-key. No light burned there. The parlor was also dark and silent. No voice welcomed him. His heart sank heavily in his breast. Had Millie gone out?—gone, still angry with him?

She should go to Newport the next week, if that was all. Never again, after so harassing a day, could he face this silence and sadness here at home. He crossed the parlor by the faint light of the newly-risen moon, and laid his hand upon the bell.

"Thornton, are you here?" said a low voice at the door. And then, seeing him, Millie sprang forward and threw herself, with a little sob of joy, into his arms.

"Oh, I have watched and waited for you so long!" she said, before he had time to speak. "And I just went upstairs for a single moment to bathe my eyes, for they are quite red; and then, I suppose, you came in."

"And what made those pretty blue eyes red, my love?" asked the happy husband, drawing her still closer to his breast.

"I have been crying them nearly out. And about you, sir," said Millie, clinging still closer to his neck.

"About me?"

"Yes."

"Because I was cross to you this morning, my darling? You must forgive me, and never think of it again. I have been nearly driven mad, of late, with business perplexities. But I am going to let them worry me no more. My little wife shall have her trip to Newport, and anything else she wishes for, so long as it is in my power——"

"Oh, Thornton—don't, don't!" cried poor Millie, laying her soft round cheek against his whiskers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. "I hate Newport—I abhor Saratoga. I only want to stay with you, and help you, and keep my marriage vow. I'll wear calico dresses all the year round; I'll live on anything—anything, my dear, dear husband, so that you shall not have it to say that I helped to ruin you just at the time when you find it so hard to get on."

And then she could say no more, but nearly sobbed herself into hysterics instead.

He calmed and soothed her, when he learned the true state of the case. But they *did* give up Newport, and the Saratoga trunks; and Mr. Grey's creditors, seeing how modestly they lived, were merciful. So the crisis came and went, and he was saved. And now he is a rich man, and Millie can go to Newport as often as she likes. She might eat and drink gold and diamonds if she pleased, so fondly does her husband love her; so well does he remember how, in the midst of his own doubt, and danger, and distress, she gave up the desire of her heart.

INVENTION OF THE SPINNING JENNY.

The following beautiful anecdote is related of Hargraves, the inventor of the Spinning Jenny:

The invention had long engaged his attention, when one day he was observed to drop suddenly on his knees, and roll on the stone floor at full length. He lay with his face toward the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burnt stick. Then he sat upon a chair and placed his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor; then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife—who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger—by a loud assurance that he had it; and taking her in his sturdy arms in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful, happy laugh, with his high-toned assurance that she should never again toil at the spinning wheel—that he would never again "play," and have his loom standing for want of weft. She asked some questions, which he answered, after seating her in the arm-chair, by laying her spinning wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread.

"Our fortune is made," he said, speaking of his drawings on the floor.

"What will you call it?" asked his wife.

"Call it! What an we call it after thyself, Jenny? They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny?'"

TESTS OF CHARACTER.

A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had but broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. Oh, how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are the tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgetting gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant, and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

You may shrink from the far reaching solitude of your heart, but no other feet than yours can tread them.

HIDING FOR LIFE.

BY J. W. SIMS.

In the autumn of the year 1866, business necessitated my leaving Hong Kong, where I had for some years resided, and proceeding to Swatow, one of the ports upon the east coast of China, open for foreign traffic. I arranged my affairs at that place sooner than I expected; and as no steamer bound for the South was in harbor, or expected for some days, I determined to proceed in the Heather Bell, a barque-rigged sailing vessel of about three hundred tons register.

I was well acquainted with her captain, but what perhaps chiefly induced me to take passage in his vessel was the fact of his daughter being aboard. Lottie Moore was a golden-haired, blue-eyed darling, upon whose fair head some seventeen summers had smiled. Upon her mother's demise, she had quitted her home in England to accompany her bereaved father in his wanderings from clime to clime.

The Heather Bell sailed from Swatow just as day broke. On the evening of the next day, a little before ten o'clock, I was sitting with Miss Moore in the saloon, admiring some water-color sketches that young lady had executed, when the chief mate entered.

"There's a large junk coming right towards us, sir. By the number of sweeps she pulls, I reckon she carries a considerable crew," he said.

I knew what he meant, and so did the skipper, just as well as if he had spoken all that was passing in his mind; moreover, I appreciated his motive for reticence, for if he had said that he feared she was a pirate, it would have alarmed the fair girl, who, thoughtless of danger near, was chatting so vivaciously with me.

Captain Moore ran upon deck; and when I heard him shortly afterwards tell the mate to call all hands, I also proceeded to the poop, and found him gazing intently through a pair of binocular glasses at a Chinese craft that was advancing, with furled sails, in the dead calm, being propelled by an array of oars that flashed and glittered in the phosphorescent water.

"He's an ugly customer, and no mistake. We shan't have much of a show, if he attacks us; but I will let him see that we are on the alert. Perhaps we can manage to intimidate him," he said, as he stooped down and commenced casting adrift the lashings of a small cast iron four-pounder, that was only useful as a signal gun.

Directly this unformidable cannon was loaded with blank cartridge and discharged, the junk altered her course and passed under our stern, a considerable distance away. Captain Moore, when he noticed this movement, was inclined to believe that she was a mere trading junk.

At midnight I retired to my berth, and had just sunk in the sweet embrace of sleep, when I was startled to wakefulness by the boom of a heavy gun, while the crash of falling spars mingling with its echoing thunder, told me plainly that our vessel was attacked, and that the first shot had taken terrible effect upon her.

I grasped my revolver and rushed through the saloon towards the companion-way, only halting for an instant near the mizzen-mast to glean a cutlass from the rack which surrounded it, ere I ascended to the deck. The scene that met my eyes on gaining it baffles all description. Tangled cordage, rent sails and riven spars lay in confused heaps around; and from under the chaotic ruins issued deep groans of agony from the wounded and dying, while myriads of torches aboard a huge junk that had ranged alongside, shed across the sea a weird, yellow glare, revealing only too plainly the dread effects of wanton carnage.

As the junk ran under our bows, a multitude of fierce demons, powder-grimed and insatiable in their lust for blood, clambered to our deck and pressed their way aft. The fallen spars and multifarious impediments effectually prevented any one passing along the port side; so Captain Moore, three seamen, and myself, the only survivors, rushed into the alley-way to starboard of the deck-house, and there stood resolutely at bay.

Our murderous antagonists possessed no firearms, but each one carried a short, ponderous, native sword, called a *pa keem;* these, however, were of but little avail against the winged messengers of death our trusty revolvers sent into the midst of the advancing horde, until it became apparent to them and to us that our ammunition was giving out.

"Find Lottie, Mr. Carter. We have no chance; but, for heaven's sake, save her from these merciless wretches. I have my death-wound now," cried the skipper.

I sprang down the cabin stair-way, and found the fair girl kneeling at the table imploring succor from on high. Her face was ghastly pale, and a tremor visibly convulsed her frame when she saw my blood-stained brow.

"Are they subdued? Where is my father?" she cried, as she sprang to her feet.

I caught her in my arms, and bore her bodily on deck. It had been my intention to place her in the captain's gig, that hung in the quarter-davits, and lower it in the sea; but, hardly had we emerged from the companion hatch, when, above the clash of steel and the groans of the wounded, I heard ring out from three hundred throats, a word of dreadful import—"*Shing!*" (Victory!) and knew that my brave comrades had been beaten down—that the pirates held undisputed possession of the vessel.

While in Swatow the ship's jolly-boat or dingy had been injured, and, since our departure, the carpenter had been employed repairing her bottom, as she lay inverted on the poop. I knew that I should not have time to lower the gig, when I heard the war-cry change to a note of triumph, and I instinctively felt that our only chance of escaping death lay in concealing ourselves beneath the little dingy, as the cabin and hold would be thoroughly searched for plunder.

"Crawl under, quickly! I will follow you," I whispered in the ear of the terrified girl, as I raised the stern of the light craft.

As if mechanically, she obeyed me; then, with much difficulty, I managed to creep under, myself, and scarcely had I relowered our frail tenement to the deck, ere it was surrounded by a horde of miscreants, who were vociferating loudly.

Even at this hour I shudder, when I remember the agony of suspense I endured during the ransacking of the vessel.

At length it became obvious that the pirates had accomplished their work of plunder, for I heard one direct his satellites to set fire to the ship, and hurry back to their own vessel.

Soon the sound of plashing oars told me that the piratical craft was speeding away from the hapless vessel she had destroyed; so I cautiously uplifted the dingy and crept from beneath her. A bright, glowing flame, shooting skyward from the fore-hatch, plainly indicated how well the marauder chief's mandate had been obeyed, and told me in words of fire that I must immediately bear Lottie from the Heather Bell and trust to a less greedy element for safety. I quickly lowered the gig, but she sank on touching the water; the pirates had staved in her bottom. The increasing roar of the grasping flames, that twined like glittering serpents up the shrouds and masts, inspired me with extra energy. I uplifted the dingy, and, when Lottie crawled from beneath it, with her assistance bore it to the taffrail.

"We have no time to lower it; we must launch it bodily," I said, catching my darling in my arms.

"Be not afraid, dear love," I cried, then sprang with her into the seething sea.

We sank deep beneath the briny flood, but I struck vigorously upwards, and soon gained the surface. Then, drawing the lovely girl's head upon my shoulder, I swam rapidly towards the drifting dingy. It was on its keel and floating buoyantly; so I clambered in, drew Lottie after me, and then sank, weak and prostrate, from over exertion, in the stern-sheets. My fair companion raised my head, and gently tended me until I recovered my faculties—recovered them just in time to see the pretty Heather Bell sink, a holocaust, to her grave in the coral depths.

Soon after, a vessel, which proved to be the Lily, rescued us from our perilous position and carried us in safety to Hong Kong; in which city, six months subsequently, I led to the hymeneal altar the dear, brave girl who had shared my peril on that eventful night.

OLD LETTERS.

Looking over an accumulation of old letters—what a strange mixture of thoughts that induces—heart-sickness too often predominant as one sighs, "Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then!" "I have a little packet," says the author of "Dream Life," "not very large, tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which, far into some winter's night, I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over with such sorrow, and such joy, such tears and smiles, as I am sure make me for weeks after a kinder and a better man. There are in this little packet letters in the familiar hand of a mother. What gentle admonition! what tender affection! God have mercy upon him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister—written when she and you were full of glee, and the best mirth of youthfulness. Does it harm you to recall the mirthfulness; or, to trace again for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i*'s so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *t*'s so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?" Well says Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his last, best novel—"My Novel" worthily dubbed—that a thought written in warm, sunny life, and then suddenly rising up to us, when the hand that traced, and the heart that cherished it, are dust—is verily a ghost. "It is a likeness struck off of the fond human being, and surviving it. Far more truthful than bust or portrait, it bids us see the tear flow, and the pulse beat. What ghost can the churchyard yield to us like the writing of the dead?"

PLEASANTRY.—There is as much merit in catering to the humorous side of our nature as to the sober and sedate: Men and women were made to laugh and indulge in pleasantries just as much as to pray and fast. Because a face is uncommonly long instead of wide, it does not follow that its possessor is a first-class saint. We would as soon trust a countenance got up on the broad as the long gauge.

TIME is the cradle of hope, and the grave of existence; and while it deprives beauty of her charms, transfers them to the canvas on which they are delineated.

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oct8-tf

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—To the watcher at night, how slowly and solemnly the clock tells the passing hours! In the daytime how the same sound is swallowed up in the hurrying tread of myriad feet, in the roll of carriages, in the thunder and shriek of the locomotive, and in the thousand and one mingled animate and inanimate voices that swell the chorus of a great city! Yet the moments flee all the same, and inscribe their indelible record for good or ill.

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The Boudoir
FASHION NOTES & QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

For the past few days we have been enjoying the loveliest weather—summer in her fullest prime, with just a hint of early autumn in the mornings and evenings. Toilettes must be regulated to suit the weather. It is now that the serviceable costumes of debege are appreciated, as they can be worn late in the autumn, with the addition of a warm sacque or cashmere polonaise on cool days. We will describe a very pretty toilette of dark gray, combined with fawn colored debege:

The lower skirt was trimmed with, first, a flounce of the gray, six inches deep, and laid in flat knife-edge plaiting; then one, of the same depth, of the fawn colored, gathered. Above were seven folds of alternate gray and fawn. The upper part was a polonaise of the gray, made to lap across in front; it was simply piped around the bottom with the fawn. The revers or lappels, turning back from the front, just above the bust, were faced with the fawn. Also the fraise was lined with it, and the cuffs and pockets were of the fawn-colored debege. The buttons were gray, worked with a fawn-colored star.

There is a rumor from abroad that the reign of the polonaise is over. But at the commencement of each of the last three seasons, there has been the same cry, and still we see them now.

We should be sorry to see them depart, for a more graceful garment could not be invented, especially for the heavy winter materials.

Bonnets and hats, as I said in my last, are on the increase in size. The coming bonnet is said to be somewhat of the old cottage or gipsy shape of our grandmother's day. Those who have chip bonnets or hats, may congratulate themselves that they made an economical purchase, when they added them to their summer outfit. They will be worn late in the fall, or even through December, trimmed with velvet, and ostrich plumes or tips, or sprays of autumn leaves, and the late-blooming asters and Marguerites.

To dress with taste one should not only consider the color of one's hair and complexion, not forgetting size and degree of embonpoint, but one should regard the season in the selection of flowers for hats or bonnets.

In spring, let us have the budding violets, lilies of the valley, syringa and lilac sprays, not omitting the sweetest of blossoms, the old-fashioned apple-blooms.

In summer there is an endless variety of roses and geraniums, fuchias, etc., to choose from.

In autumn, the Marguerites, pink, purple, salmon and white, and the asters. After these the chrysanthemums and gaily tinted leaves.

In winter we must confess that we do not like to see flowers worn upon bonnets or hats, unless it may be a japonica bud, or cluster of hardy scarlet geranium.

We spoke, last week, of toilettes for the dear little girls, now we do not intend to ignore the "little men," of four, six or eight, even. After this last-mentioned age they will have passed beyond our realm into the tender mercies of their papa's tailor, and are initiated into the mysteries of pants, real pants and vest, with a genuine jacket.

"For the "little men," who still are in the "transition state," and are liable to "kilts" and blouses, we will describe two very pretty suits, which we have lately been shown.

The first was for a boy of seven, and was called the "Albert of Wales" costume. It was English, as the name would indicate, and was made of the finest gray cassimere. The blouse or tunic was double breasted, and had revers, turned back from a sham vest of the material. A belt of the cassimere, with an oxydized silver buckle, and fancy chain of the same attached, was bound with dark green velvet. The square cuffs to the sleeves were bound also with the velvet, as were the revers. A frill of fine linen, hemstitched, finished the neck, and fell over the hands, instead of plain shirt cuffs. The trowsers were short, plain Knickerbocker, with a piping of green velvet up the outer seam, and six smaller sized buttons of the same kind as those upon the blouse, upon the outer seam. A sailor hat of gray straw, with dark green ribbon, completed the jaunty little suit.

The other was of dark blue cloth. The blouse made sailor fashion, the trowsers somewhat full, confined at the knee with an elastic band and hanging over. The collar and cuffs were of black linen, trimmed with two narrow, bias folds of fine white linen. The tie which was of the genuine sailor knot, was a continuation of the collar, and trimmed to correspond. The hat of black tarpaulin, with very dark blue ribbon, edged with white. Stockings of striped blue and white. Altogether it was the prettiest sailor costume we ever saw.

Very pretty vests, or "coralets," as they are called, are much worn, with light summer toilettes, trimmed with lace—either guipure or Valenciennes. They can be made of black or light-colored silks.

Large collars of linen guipure are worn by some of our fashionable belles; but they are only becoming to the freshest and most delicate complexions.

We saw a beautiful fichu of pale blue gros grain silk, French muslin and lace. The silk was laid in four folds, each two inches wide; between the lappels of silk, was a chemisette of the muslin, puffed, and finished at the top by a frill of Valenciennes lace. A high ruff of muslin, edged with lace, adorned the neck. A deep frill of Valenciennes edged the outer side of the lappels. A double bow of muslin and silk ended the fichu in front.

We saw so charming a toilette the other day, for a reception dress, that we cannot resist giving an etching of it. It was composed of dove-colored faille. The skirt trained, and made with two poufs near the waist. The bottom trimmed with a bias flounced, slightly gathered; cut into scollops top and bottom, and worked in button-hole stitch with coarse green silk, of the "Nile" shade. Above the flounce is a wide puff, also wrought top and bottom with green, and held in place by bands of green silk. Tunic, or short polonaise, rounded in front, and formed with a small round basque at the back, front buttoned with buttons of the dove-colored silk, wrought in green; at the neck in front, instead of the conventional fraise, a small standing collar of the dove-colored faille, lined with green, and ended by a bow of the green, fastened with a small silver buckle.

Sleeves puffed from the wrist to the shoulder, and divided by rouleaux of the green silk. A frill of the silk falls over the hand; the edges scolloped and worked in green. Epaulets at the top of the sleeve to match the bottom flounce. Sash at the left side, lined with green, with large silver buckle, and ends fringed out.

Muslin ties, worked in colored silk to match the dress are very stylish.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. J.—Yes, you can obtain the point lace braid in any first-class trimming store, in either New York or Philadelphia.

"DORA AND PET."—Certainly little friends, dress your dollies in the latest style. Why should they not be as fashionable as larger belles and beauties. There are places where you can obtain paper patterns for a doll's wardrobe.

"ANNETTE." — The thick chatelaine braid is very much worn abroad, but is not, we think, becoming to all faces. Jet jewelry is always fashionable for mourning; but you can also wear tortoise-shell, or onyx, or the lovely filagree silver ornaments, that are so becoming to ladies with dark hair and eyes.

JANET LISLE.—By all means have your drap-d'ete sacque made up and ready for the autumn. They will be much worn, heavily embroidered and beaded. Some persons have the embroidery of a different color from the sacque material; but that we think is questionable taste. Nothing is more elegant and suitable for all toilettes than a black sacque, wrought in heavy twist of the same shade.

MISS S.—Received your order; will attend to it for you. Think you had better combine the two half worn silks and make one nice costume. Gray and black are always a charming combination. Put three flounces of the black upon the gray underskirt, on the front breadths, and one deep one headed by two inches, upon the back breadths. Make either a polonaise of the gray, and trim with black, or else a short overskirt, with black sash ends, and a sleeveless jacket of black with gray sleeves.

And now, *au revoir* for the present,

NINON.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

CAPTURING A CONVICT.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

If the reader is curious to know how I came to be on the Lone Continent, I have only to explain that I was taken with yellow fever—the same sort that swept off the people so in the early days of California. I had found that a prophet or any other man, is not even moderately honored in his own country, and I was ambitious.

There was no opening for my talents at home. I had run for office once in our country, and all that I had got for it was this: I was rescued from comparative obscurity and given a character, if an exceptional one, which I should not have obtained by holding myself aloof from the public arena. So much for preface.

I had obtained the position of a petty officer on board the "George E. Channing," bound for Australia, clearing from Liverpool—through the kind intervention of a maternal uncle, resident merchant of the latter city; and I was quite sure, in my mind, that if I could safely cross the unstable bridge lying between the Eastern and the Southeastern continents, that Colonel Paul Hunniford, commandant of a station somewhere out from Melbourne, would find a situation for developing my latent energies.

The "George E. Channing" had a hard set of passengers on board—chain gangs bound for Botany Bay and other eligible places approximating.

Australia in the '50's was not the Australia of to-day. It would be impossible for a sluggish imagination to attempt to conceive of the varied masses—adventurers, criminals of all grades, vagabonds in every stage of development, and speculators, that flocked to that wild spot at the magical cry of "gold."

I am naturally very romantic, and above a bit superstitious, and although you may conclude that this statement has a little to do with "capturing a convict," reserve your judgment until the close of the story.

My duties on board the ship were trivial, and I had considerable time to study the faces of the criminals, as my business was mostly connected with them. Tainted somewhat with the theory of the "transmigration of souls," I could easily detect animal, bird, or reptile resemblance in the hard, terrible visages of the convicts. There was the narrow face, receding forehead and hooked nose, horribly suggestive of the vulture; the tangled hair, green, glaring eyes, the flabby, flexible lips, disclosing the fangs of a wild beast; the snarling, fighting men, with the narrow, red eyes of the wild boor—but why enumerate? Suffice it to say, the very day before the ship sailed, in the office of my uncle, I had chanced to read something concerning the convicts of Australia—how one, known as No. 40, sentenced for life, had, after twenty years penal servitude, been proved innocent of the crime, by the dying confession of the real murderer in far away England. There had been no comment following the item; but I had pondered long upon the matter, trying to conceive of that innocent man's alternate seasons of agony, hate and despair, during that terrible term of twenty years, herding with the demons around him, and devoured the day and the night through with regret and hopeless despair—the very fangs of hell gnawing out his heart-strings. Proud, innocent! After twenty years! The soul of his earthly life gone—his hopes, aspirations, physical vigor corroded and rotten—better have nerved himself to work out the whole sentence than to return home to find all business relations, all family ties, irrevocably broken up.

With my mind made impressible from this incident, I scrutinized the convicts at first, planning, if there were such a sufferer in the midst of these, how I would strive to assist him and cheer him. Faugh! There was none of this class on board the "George E. Channing," I mentally commented. But numbers of them kept their bunks for several days, owing to sea sickness, and when they finally were all presented for my scrutiny, I instantly became fascinated with the appearance of one poor fellow, reeling about with the weakness brought on by a first dose of old Neptune? Although he wore the convicts' garb, an instant's glance showed him as not belonging to the rank and file with which he trained. The close cropped hair only made more conspicuous the massive head. There were half-formed, silky rings about his temples, showing where the luxuriant brown curls had been; the large, melancholy brown eyes, and the outline of a bronze moustache darkened a lip, the fine cut and curve of which would have made a woman jealous of its beauty. Is it wonderful that his appearance penetrated to that substratum of romance and sentiment that underlies my very soul?

I know that ere long he felt the sympathetic chords out-stretching towards him, for he greeted me with a momentary glow of his face, when I chanced to pass near him.

I will not enter into many of the details of the voyage, through fear of wearying the reader, but will briefly explain that the ship came safely into port, discharged her living cargo, took in whatever she expected to carry back to England, and headed away about her business.

I saw my hero of the voyage driven off with a gang, under proper escort, toward the mines of Balarat, while I, as previously arranged, sought the whereabouts of Colonel Paul Hunniford. However, there was, at the time, no permanent position awaiting my acceptance, of which I could fully approve, and so I held myself in readiness for whatever might turn up.

One evening while idly burning up a cigar and chatting with the officers of the station, we were startled by the appearance of a breathless and hard-riding courier, who dashed up furiously to the commandant, with the alarming exclamation:

"Gentlemen, there's a terrible mutiny above here at the North Mine. Several of the officers and overseers are murdered, and the contagion is spreading like wild-fire. For God's sake, colonel, sent up a detachment of soldiers and a field piece. It's preconcerted—planned magnificently by the devils. They hold a position almost impregnable—to approach them with rifles would insure fearful peril."

In fifteen minutes we were in the saddle, beating double time with our heels upon the flanks of our animals, for the North Mine was eight good miles from Station B.

I knew it—that we were too late—some moments before we reached the place. Not a sound unusual disturbed the night. The little cabins among the quarries were hushed in solemn and portentous silence. A cautious survey revealed no living creature; a nearer inspection found for us the dead bodies of the officers and subalterns belonging to the place. There were only about half a score of them—the smallness of their number betraying the fact that acquaintanceship with danger breeds unjustifiable recklessness.

"Everyone dead!" exclaimed Lieutenant Howe, as we were finishing our inspection.

"And one hundred as lawless fiends as ever roamed outside the bottomless pit, cast loose into the 'bush.'"

"A fact, James," returned the lieutenant, "and we must not delay pursuit, but hold! here is a poor fellow alive, after all. Bear a hand here, Carnes—Hist! he speaks."

It was the upflashing of the expiring taper. He was talking to an imaginary companion.

"Dick, I told you so—No. 84 is the leader, but you can tell him, in the struggle, before he had pinned me, I made a stroke at his throat and it missed—and—took—his—left ear. Dick—84—planned it all."

He was gone, falling back with a sort of convulsion of the muscles; and never breathing after he had finished speaking.

The convicts had escaped, taking to cover like a flock of partridges, and squads of us fellows, 'earnest as bloodhounds, beat the "bush" for the next two months without avail, as far as the outlaws were concerned.

I was mightily mortified, as this was my maiden attempt at distinction in my new vocation, but "try, try again," is on my coat-of-arms, and I find this motto potent for success.

* * * * * *

Six months later I was in Victoria on business for the colonel, and led by an irresistible current, I entered one of the side shows of hell—a gambling saloon; although, as I have exultantly stated, all that I know, personally, about the blotched pasteboard is, if a fellow turns up trumps, I can interpret the term; and if he plays the deuce, I understand it; and in the mines I've seen Jack of Spades; and dimly understand how a vagabond might endure to have his pockets lined with ten spots; but all the rest is an unmitigated jumble. However, I was swept into this saloon, on this occasion, by invisible force.

I took a position to watch the players. Fierce, lion-maned, hard-breathing gamesters were throwing every spiritual and physical energy into this mad wrestle with fate, or fortune; and in an hour's time the fetid atmosphere, liquor, tobacco and bad breath combined, made me heart-sick; and yet I lingered, feeling a species of the fascination that had enchained the faculties of the players. The only sounds that reached my ears were the chinking of coin and the occasional fierce oath of the loser, and the exultant "a-a-a-h!" of the winner, mingled with roll, roll, jar, bump of the bowling alleys, and hoarse shouts and croupy laughter without.

Gradually I circled away from the others and drew near a small table, at which sat two men only. One of the men I had seen; but when? but where? My head seemed to swim dizzily, as I attempted to recall him. At the quay in Liverpool? at my uncle's office? or during my travels in the States? where, when and how had I seen him?

Wholly absorbed in the progress of the game neither man looked up. It was evident, in a few moments, that this man whom I half recognized, was the victor now as he had been previously. A pile of gold lay in a glittering mass at his left, and his face was as cool and immovable as a statue; while his opponent's features were working nervously, and beads of sweat, the size of peas, stood on his forehead. Scarcely a word was uttered by either men; there was only the sliff, sliff of the sliding cards. Suddenly, in the midst of the fierce, mute struggle, the man, whose features haunted me, gave a sort of backward shake of his head to throw up his rich, abundant hair, when I caught sight of something that made my heart leap up until almost a death gurgle sounded in my throat.

Could it be possible that I beheld the fiend incarnate of whom such terrible tales had been told? Who, in his native land, was a lawless duellist, a forger, blackleg and remorseless murderer? Who had led the revolt, first by his fawning, nutchless address, obtaining leave to examine, for one moment, the captain's sword, and on the instant turning and sheathing it in the poor man's heart? Such atrocities had come to my ears concerning him, for, reader, within three feet of me, sat "No. 84." The backward toss of his magnificent mane of hair had revealed the ear sliced off close to the jaw, the livid scar testifying to the fact that the wound was not of remote date.

So soon as I could recover my breath I glided carefully away from the room, out of the building, and crossing the street to the hostlery opposite, signalled Sergeant Osborne, held a moment's consultation, and then re-entered the saloon. I knew the character with whom I had to deal, and made a very simple, but effectual, preparation.

They were still absorbed in the play when I stole quietly behind his chair, and pronounced the short sentence, "No. 84."

He leaped to his feet as quick as a flash of lightning, but my movements had been quite as rapid. I had so arranged my simple contrivance that the noose of my lariat was over his head and tightened below his elbows before he could draw a knife or pistol. Sergeant Osborne, by a sleight of hand movement, floored him, and in less than two minutes, from the time that I first spoke to him, we had him ironed. We delivered him up to the proper authorities, "to have and to hold" as they pleased; but glancing in upon him the next morning, after they had clean cropped his face and head, every sentiment of romance and refined sensibility were shocked beyond expression, for in the fierce outlaw, I recognized the handsome, remarkable features of my hero of the voyage.

I have had many a clay image thrown from its pedestal, but capturing this convict was productive of the greatest shock that I ever experienced.

GOOD NATURE.

Be good-natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powder. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rouge cannot improve its cheeks, nor lily white mend its complexion. It loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the beauty that is but skin deep. For when you gaze into the face of a noble-hearted man or woman, it is not the shape of the feature you really see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, or the brilliance of the eye. You see the nameless something which animates all these, and leaves for your instinct a sense of grateful fascination; you see an indescribable embodiment of a heart-felt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of external appearance, and defies all the critical rules of the esthetic. Cultivate good nature, therefore. It is better than "apples of gold set in pictures of silver," for gold will take to itself wings and fly away, silver will tarnish in time, and both, when abundant, lose their comparative value; but good nature never, never loses its worth—never abandons its possessor to the mental poverty of the malicious—never loses its hold on the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion, and always in season. Everybody admires it. It never grows stale. It costs little to acquire, and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds in its worth to its owners, and can neither be stolen nor lost, however neglected. Surely this is a jewel that merits a search; and, when found, merits a protection. Possess yourselves of it, young women; no talisman will find you so bewitching in the judgment of the sensible among the other sex.

WHO USE LONG WORDS.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind when they use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common but egregious mistake to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying, at last they "decease." The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affectation delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words "a foot and a half long."

LITTLE GRAVES.—Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in the churchyard. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joy, half unfolded buds of innocence, humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a canker worm of corruption has nestled among its embryo petals. Callous, indeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave-side and not have the holiest emotions of the soul awakened to thoughts of purity and joy which belong alone to God and heaven, for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life begun and ended without stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us? How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy while standing by the earth-bed of lost little ones? Mournful, because a sweet treasure has been taken away—joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

AS EVERY ONE knows that bully and coward may be almost placed in the list of synonymes, so gentleness and bravery, sensibility and courage, and we may add humility and piety, are capable of a similar classification.

LIES are the ghosts of truths, the masks of faces.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed to answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Janet's Decision. A Fictitious Love Letter. What Was She Good For? "My Own, All My Own!" The Gentle Moon. The Bridal Day. Ups And Downs.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN W. ROWLEY.—"Six inches of rain are said to have fallen" is correct of course, and not "six inches of rain is said," etc.

H. R. SMITH.—If the girl is too young to know her own mind you had better wait till she is older; but if she is too undecided to judge of her own feelings, why not choose one a little wiser?

A. B. H.—All depends upon the terms in which the document is drawn up. We could not possibly give a positive opinion on the matter as you have put it without knowing a good deal more about it than we do at present. We would advise your consulting your lawyer.

C. P. M.—Under the circumstances you mention there would be nothing either "improper or ungentlemanly" in asking the consent of the lady to the correspondence. (2.) The third finger of the right hand is the proper one for the engagement ring, but by some it is worn upon the forefinger of the left hand.

M. D. V.—We cannot give the interpretation of all the names, male and female, such as you wish us to do, as we have no space to give up for such a purpose, and we do not think the subject one that would interest many. But we shall be happy to tell you the meaning of any particular names, if you will let us know them.

E. R. S.—It was only in a very recent number (No. 52, Vol. 53) that we gave "The Seven Wonders of the World," and are sorry we cannot again repeat them for your benefit. (2.) Knowing nothing whatever regarding "the young lady nineteen years of age," as to her capabilities, quickness and aptitude, and other essential qualifications, we cannot possibly say whether it would be "advisable" for her to learn telegraphy as a means of supporting herself.

LUCILLE.—An engagement is a very serious matter, a solemn, sacred thing, and cannot be lightly broken. It should not ever be dissolved except upon reasons which approach to an absolute or moral necessity. It is next to impossible for us to define under what conditions and in what manner an engagement may be broken. Circumstances alter cases, and a line of conduct which would be suitable in one instance would be injudicious and unjustifiable in another.

MAID OF ATHENS.—At the dinner table you will set next to the lady whom you have escorted thither, taking care to place yourself on her right hand. (2.) It is not necessary in every case that the lady should rise on being introduced to a gentleman, but it certainly would not look well when she herself is introducing two persons for her to remain seated. (3.) No, we do not do any engraving of visiting cards. We have quite enough to occupy our time in getting out a first-class paper such as THE POST.

A. A. MEYER.—The total number of emigrants to this country in 1873 amounted to 437,004. According to the most authentic records kept since 1820, and the estimated number of arrivals prior to 1820, the aggregate number of immigrants who have come from foreign countries to our shores is 8,058,141, permanently added to the population of the United States from the formation of the government to the beginning of 1874. The larger proportion of these immigrants are from Great Britain and Ireland and Germany (including Prussia).

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We must say that we never did like the habit that ladies—we will say some ladies—have of kissing each other on all occasions of meeting and parting with great fervor. It seems to us that the kiss is too sacred an affectional expression to be used with so much promiscuity, and that ladies should be choice of all association and contact, and particularly of an expression of so intimate a character. Then again, the custom or fashion is bad, because it leads ladies to give an expression of tenderness to indifferent or even repulsive persons.

MUSICIAN.—"Please tell me the seating capacities of the principal theatres and opera houses in Europe." We believe the largest theatre in the old country is the Bolshoi Theatre in St. Petersburg, Russia, which is said to hold 5000 persons. The La Scala, in Milan, comes next, holding 4000; Drury Lane, London, 3500; San Carlo, Naples, 3500; Theatre Royal, Turin, 2500; Covent Garden, London, 2000. What the seating capacity of the new Albert Hall, in Kensington, London, is we have not the means of ascertaining, but if we mistake not it is fully equal to, if not in excess of, that of Drury Lane.

W. J. R.—"Why is the designation 'true blue' sometimes applied to Presbyterians? There are various explanations of this. The only one that occurs to us just at this moment is that at the time when the Presbyterians were persecuted in Scotland many years ago they used to go into the mountains, and when they were going to have a communion they held out a blue flag, which was an invitation to the people of the country around to attend, and that their descendants were called "true blue" from that. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to give us some other explanation why this name is applied to Presbyterians.

H. M. S.—It is just possible that a dream may happen to come true, as any other coincidence is possible, but faith ought not to be reposed in dreams, or any undue importance attached to the idle shadows that flit across the brain in sleep, because your dream came true. We do not deny, however, that despite dreams as we may, they do leave an effect upon the mind sometimes that is difficult to overcome, and that in spite of the sneers of skepticism circumstances have actually occurred with reference to dreams which are out of the ordinary roll of events, yet not the less true. There are more things in heaven and earth than are understood—aye, or dreamt of—in the pride of philosophy.

W. E. G. (Philadelphia.)—It is impossible to give up the use of tobacco altogether after it has become a settled habit without more or less prostration and bodily suffering. Leaving it off by degrees is seldom successful. It is better to make the struggle short, sharp and decisive. If you are really anxious to quit the use of tobacco, you must make up your mind that you have a hard struggle to pass through, and call to your aid all your will and power. A thorough course of bathing, to draw out the tobacco from your system, is one of the greatest aids that can be given, and helps to make the struggle less severe. Drink nothing but water, and of that as much as you like. You will also find holding pieces of ice in your mouth will help to allay the craving for tobacco.

ASPIRANT.—The member of Congress for the district in which you reside is the proper person for you to apply to for appointment to the United States Naval Academy. The qualifications necessary are that the candidate must be physically sound, not under five feet high and between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years. He must also exhibit proficiency in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography and grammar. The term of instruction in the Academy is four years. The salary he receives prior to graduating is, we believe, five hundred dollars a year; after graduation eight hundred. On entering the Academy the cadet purchases his own outfit and deposits the sum of one hundred dollars with the paymaster for the purchase of text books and other necessaries.

W. E. C.—Jealousy we know is held by some people to be a proof of love, but in our opinion it is more a proof of a reckless selfish disposition, and is also a manifestation of a poor opinion of one's self and a distrust of its object. The lady who finds her lover jealous owes it to herself to discard him; a gentleman who finds the lady of his love tormenting herself and him by jealousies during courtship may look forward to anything but a "good time coming."

JESSIE BROWN.—Nothing is more ridiculous, and at the same time in worse taste, than the fondling of lovers in company, and we do not wonder at your losing all patience with the young man to whom you are engaged, who knows no better than to behave in so silly a manner as you describe. Just let him know decidedly that you won't stand it any longer, and that if he persists you will break off the engagement. This will surely bring him to his senses if anything will.

R. W. (Somerset.)—"We are aware that we are asking you a question not properly in your line, but as you seem to be willing to answer all kinds of questions, and as this one is the subject of a dispute, we venture to trouble you. It is this: Which has made the fastest trotting time on record, Goldsmith Maid or Occident?" We must confess that sporting questions, more especially any relating to horses, are somewhat out of our province, but to oblige you we have made inquiries, and find that the fastest time ever made in a trotting race has been done lately by Goldsmith Maid, who trotted a mile in 2.18¼, and followed it up by another heat in 2.18. Up to this time Occident, the great California trotter, and Goldsmith Maid had stood even, both having trotted their mile in 2.16¾, but the recent time above mentioned of Goldsmith Maid eclipses all former performances.

UNHAPPY BOY.—We sympathize with you, but cannot advise you to act in any way that would either displease or grieve your parents. This, of course, you cannot expect us to do. But at the same time we cannot help expressing our regret that your parents should be so opposed to your wishing to learn a trade for which you have such a liking, and at the same time insist upon your following one for which you have no taste and no fondness. You may tell them from us that you are now only wasting your best years in working at a trade which you dislike, and which you are sure to abandon just as soon as you are your own master; and it would be far wiser and better for your own future good, in every way, if instead of opposing your wishes they would do all they can to further them, and get you started in a business in which you are more likely to succeed, because your heart will be in it.

INQUIRER.—The word "Grange" is of English origin, and signifies a small farm or a "homesteading." The name has been given to the organized associations of the new order of "Patrons of Husbandry," a Grange corresponding to a Lodge in the Masonic Order and the Order of Odd Fellows, the place in which it meets being called the "Grange-room." The primary and principal object of this secret organization is the promotion of the agricultural interests of the country. We have not the space to give you an idea of what the aims and purposes of the Order are, but we would by all means recommend you to apply for information to the person from whom you say you think you can get it. Being a woman is no reason why you cannot join it, as the order of Patrons of Husbandry is, we believe, the first of the secret societies which has admitted women into full and equal membership in all its organizations with the other sex, and in which they have their share of the official positions.

T. M. N.—In the very unfortunate circumstances in which you are placed, while you are bound to consider what are your duties to your parents, you are also no less bound to consider what you owe to your own happiness and future prospects. Were the objections which your parents raise against your engagement at all just and reasonable the case would of course be different. But duty does not always consist in blind obedience to unreasonable demands. There is a point, as you say, beyond which no parent has a right to force his child, and if you cannot persuade your parents to reconsider their decision, you would be, we think, justified in marrying without their sanction. We would not give you this advice did we not think that you are being treated with great injustice, and that the objections raised are unreasonable. Having been engaged to each other for so long a time, and being both of age, we think you are entitled to have the chief voice in the disposal of your own future.

INDIGNANT WIFE.—We are not surprised at your being so indignant at your husband's insisting upon always opening and reading your letters before you do yourself, and this notwithstanding all your remonstrances and although there has been nothing whatever in your conduct to justify his being so rude and unkind. The relations of man and wife do not release any one from the prior obligation of behaving like a gentleman or a lady. Neither should ever read the other's letters but by actual permission in each case, and neither has any more right to be curious in regard to the private and personal affairs of the other than would be proper with respect to any other person. The idea that marriage destroys the obligations of good manners and politeness is a very sad, though we are afraid too prevalent, a mistake. A wife is entitled to at least as much deference and respect as any other lady—to as much *after* marriage as she received *before*. Of course we do not deny that there are exceptional and lamentable cases where such a course on the part of the husband as opening his wife's letters is justifiable and given him as a right by law. But where, as in your case, the husband and wife have faith in each other, it is wrong decidedly, and apt, if persisted in, to cause dissension and unhappiness.

G. H. (Lebanon.)—"I am in a dilemma, and judging that you have seen more of the world than I, and that you have a natural talent for understanding character, I hope you will be able to help me out of it. My case is this: I am really and truly in love with two young ladies, but I do not know which I love best or want most. They are both of good family, equally pretty, and equally accomplished, and I flatter myself both like me reasonably well, but I positively cannot choose, and cannot bear to give either up, or both. And so what shall I do? Which of the young ladies will be best for me, or rather which of them could I make the happiest?" You are in a bad fix we must say. We would advise you, however, to make no choice between the two ladies, but at once give up all thoughts of either, as we never did believe in the possibility of any man loving two women at the same time. But don't you love yourself much better than you do either of these two young ladies, and are you not a very conceited young man to think you can pick and choose so coolly as you talk of being able to do? To be candid with you, we think that you are, and we have a shrewd suspicion that the young ladies do so also. So the best way out of the dilemma is for you to give up both these ladies, and carry your wavering adoration to some other market. We guess you will not feel it much.

T. E. W. (Quincy.)—We are not surprised that you can get no satisfaction out of your brother, who refuses to enlighten you on the subject of popping the question by giving you his own experience in that line. Men, as well as women, who have in the course of their lives gone through at least once the ordeal of a proposal, feel bound in honor not to disclose circumstances and particulars. As to your own little love affair, all we can advise you is to avoid too much haste. We think that from the very short acquaintance you have had with the young lady you can hardly know her sufficiently well to warrant your proposing to her. This reminds us of a case in point which we have read about. In the days when letters traveled quietly at the rate of ten miles an hour on a mail coach, a proposal was written and sent by the post. The anxious lover for the first week breathlessly expected a reply, but it did not come. The next week he pined and was sleepless, but still no answer. The third week he became indignant. "A civil acknowledgment was his due; she was a heartless flirt." The next week he despised her and congratulated himself on his escape; and at the end of the fourth week he received his own letter back from the Dead Letter Office, because he had, in his agitation, forgotten to put any direction whatever on it! By this time he had so completely outlived his love that he never proposed to the lady at all.

MISCELLANEOUS.—J. T. P.—Writing is very good. Our "opinion" of it is much more favorable than of good spelling! HARRY.—Yes. You will continue growing for the next three years, and perhaps, as is often the case, may grow rapidly. R. P.—Sorry we cannot assist you, but we cannot control the operations of nature. L. M. N.—If you want our candid opinion, the pieces you sent us are not fit for publication. SUFFERER.—Rheumatism is generally curable, but there are inveterate cases which defy all the physicians' skill. D. E. S.—A woman when divorced should resume her maiden name. ALBERT.—It is quite a matter of taste which is the more attractive, a fair or a dark young lady, blonde or brunette. M. E. P.—When an article does not come up to our standard we cannot undertake to revise and correct it so as to make it suit us, as you so coolly propose to us to do. LOUISE.—Your handwriting is at present very cramped, but might soon be rendered more fluent and easy by practice. E. L.—By all means decide in favor of the first mentioned gentleman. EVER.—We make no charge for answering the questions of correspondents in this department, so do not hesitate to write to us again. D. R. J.—To become an actor you must take lessons from an elocutionist, or else practice with an amateur dramatic company. ELLA.—We would not for the world recommend any one to eat arsenic with the view to the improvement of her complexion.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*